

THE ILLUSTRATED  
SPORTING & DRAMATIC  
NEWS

No. 236.—VOL. IX.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1878.

[REGISTERED FOR  
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.  
By Post 6½d.



MDLLE. ALBANI, AS "VIRGINIA."

## RAILWAYS.

## SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

## EGHAM RACES.

On TUESDAY, 13th, and WEDNESDAY, 14th AUGUST.

SPECIAL TRAINS will run from WATERLOO BRIDGE, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea Stations, to EGHAM, during the forenoon of the above days, commencing at 10.40 a.m. (from Kensington at 10.15, West Brompton 10.18 a.m., Chelsea 10.20 a.m.), until 12.45 p.m., returning from Egham to Waterloo after the Races.

## SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

## WINDSOR RACES.

On THURSDAY, 15th, and FRIDAY, 16th AUGUST.

On these days, SPECIAL TRAINS (First, Second, and Third Class) will leave the WATERLOO BRIDGE STATION for WINDSOR at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Richmond, Twickenham, and Staines.

Ordinary Trains (First, Second, and Third Class) leave Waterloo for Windsor at 8.0, 9.30, 10.50 a.m., and 12.45 p.m., at the above fares.

Special Trains will leave Windsor for London after the Races. Ordinary Trains will leave Windsor for Waterloo Bridge at 4.25, 5.35, 6.50, 8.30, and 10.10 p.m.

## HASTINGS REGATTA, AUGUST 14th, ST.

LEONARDS REGATTA, AUGUST 15th.

## SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

CHEAP EXCURSION TO ST. LEONARDS AND HASTINGS and back, on each of the above days, leaving Charing Cross at 8.25 a.m., Waterloo 8.27, Cannon Street 8.33, London Bridge 8.36, New Cross 8.45 Chislehurst 8.58.

Fare: Third Class, 5s. Children under Twelve, half fares.

JOHN SHAW, Manager and Secretary.

## HASTINGS &amp; ST. LEONARDS REGATTAS,

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, August 14th and 15th.

Cheap Excursions to St. Leonards and Hastings by Special Train from Victoria 8.15 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge 8.10 a.m., calling at New Cross and East Croydon; also from Liverpool Street 8.10 a.m., calling at Whitechapel and all stations on the East London Line.

Returning from Hastings and St. Leonards 7.50 p.m. Fares, there and back, 10s. and 5s.

## EASTBOURNE REGATTA, FRIDAY, August

16th.—Cheap Excursions to Eastbourne by Special Train from Victoria 8.15 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge 8.20 a.m., calling at New Cross and East Croydon; also from Liverpool Street 8.10 a.m., calling at Whitechapel and all stations on the East London Line. Returning from Eastbourne 8.15 p.m. Fares, there and back, 10s. and 5s. (By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

## SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

EVERY SATURDAY, TILL FURTHER NOTICE, CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS WILL RUN AS UNDER:

To SOUTH OF DEVON by the new direct route, PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, LIDFORD (for LAUNCESTON), TAVISTOCK (for LISKEARD), Okehampton, &c., for 9 or 16 days, by FAST TRAIN leaving Waterloo Station at 9.0 a.m.

To SALISBURY, Templecombe (for Somerset and Dorset Line), YEovil, Exeter, Exmouth (for Budleigh Salterton), NORTH DEVON, BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, Bideford, &c., for 9 or 16 days, by train leaving Waterloo Station at 8.40 a.m.

To Lymington (for Freshwater), Bournemouth, POOLE, WIMBORNE, Brockenhurst and the New Forest, DORCHESTER, WEYMOUTH, &c., for 9 or 16 days, by train leaving Waterloo Station at 12.10 p.m.

To PORTSMOUTH, ISLE OF WIGHT, SOUTHAMPTON, SALISBURY, &c., for 4 days, by train leaving Waterloo Station at 1.15 p.m. Excursion handbills showing times of trains down and up, fares, &c., may be had at any of the Company's Stations and Receiving Houses, or by post from the Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station.

Tickets and all information at the West End Office, 30, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus, and at the Stations.

## MIDLAND RAILWAY.

## SCOTLAND.

The SUMMER SERVICE of Express Trains between London (St. Pancras) and Scotland is now in operation.

## Down Trains.—Weekdays.

	a.m.	C D	a.m.	A	p.m.	B E	Sun.
London (St. Pan.).....dep.	5 15	10 30	8 0	9 15	9 15	9 15	
Edinburgh.....arr.	4 35	8 40	6 0	7 45	7 45	7 45	
Glasgow.....	4 50	9 0	6 10	7 50	7 50	7 50	
Greenock.....	5 55	9 52	6 15	8 23	8 23	8 23	
Perth.....	7 45	11 40	8 40	11 10	11 10	11 10	
Aberdeen.....	8 30	12 40	9 25	12 35	12 35	12 35	
Inverness.....	8 55	12 45	9 50	12 45	12 45	12 45	

A—Pullman Sleeping Car from St. Pancras to Perth. B—Pullman Sleeping Car from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Glasgow. C—Pullman Drawing Room Car from St. Pancras to Edinburgh and Glasgow.

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Through Carriages from St. Pancras to Perth, Aberdeen, and Inverness, by Express leaving London at 8.0 p.m.

D—The Train leaving St. Pancras at 10.30 a.m. on Saturdays has no connection with Inverness on Sunday mornings. E—The Train leaving St. Pancras at 9.15 p.m. on Saturday nights has no connection with Trains north of Edinburgh on Sunday mornings.

The 9.15 p.m. EXPRESS from St. Pancras is due at Greenock in ample time to enable Passengers to join the "Iona" Steamer for the Highlands of Scotland. A through Carriage is run from St. Pancras to Greenock by this Train.

TAY BRIDGE ROUTE.—This popular Route to the North of Scotland is now open, and Passengers for Dundee, Arbroath, Montrose, Aberdeen, Deeside, Ballater, and other places in the North of Scotland may be booked via Edinburgh and the Tay Bridge at St. Pancras and other Midland Stations.

To the Down Scotch Express Train leaving St. Pancras at 9.15 p.m. a Through Carriage is attached for Aberdeen, via Edinburgh, Stirling, and the Tay Bridge.

A Through Carriage for St. Pancras is also run via the Tay Bridge by the corresponding Up Train leaving Aberdeen at 3.55 p.m.

The Fares are the same as those charged by any other route.

For further particulars see Time-Tables.

Derby, July, 1878. JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

## GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

SEASIDE.—TWO MONTHS and FORTNIGHTLY RETURN TICKETS are now issued to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Cromer, Aldeburgh, Harwich, Dovercourt, Walton-on-the-Naze, and Hunstant.

A Special Excursion Train to Walton-on-the-Naze, Dovercourt, and Harwich, will leave the Liverpool-street Station every Sunday, at 9.0 a.m., for Walton-on-the-Naze, and 9.15 a.m. for Harwich; and every Monday at 8.15 a.m., calling at Stratford, for Walton-on-the-Naze and Harwich. Fares, 8s., 6s., 4s.

Broxbourne and Rye House every Sunday at 10.0 a.m., and every Monday and Saturday at 9.30 and 10.2 a.m., 12.45 and 2.45 p.m. Fares, 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d.

Epping Forest.—Excursion Tickets will be issued every Sunday and Monday to Woodford, Buckhurst-hill, and Loughton. Fares, 2s., 1s. 6d., 1s.; to Chingford, 2s., 1s. 4d., 1s.

For full particulars see Handbills and Time Books.

London, August, 1878. S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

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## THEATRES.

## THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.—

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Conductor—Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Assisted by Mr. ALFRED CELLIER.

Box-office open Daily, from 10 to 5. Prices:—Private Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.; Dress Circle, 2s. 6d.; Orchestra Stalls (separate entrance), 2s.; Promenade, ONE SHILLING.

## THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET,

Mr. SOTHERN will reappear on MONDAY, August 19 in his famous impersonation of

## LORD DUNDREARY

in the drama of OUR AMERICAN COUSIN. Messrs. Howe, W. Bentley, A. Beaumont, D. Fisher, jun., T. W. Ford, W. J. Akhurst, Weathersby, Fielder; Mesdames Challis, L. Buckstone, E. Thorne, J. Roselle, J. Stewart, J. Ashley, and E. Harrison. Mr. Sothern's London Engagements cannot be prolonged beyond four weeks, as his arrangements have been completed thus:—Provinces, Sept. 16 to Dec. 7; New York, Dec. 23, for the balance of the Season. The Box Office will be opened Wednesday, 14th, from 10 to 5. In preparation a new and original comedy by Mr. Byron.

## LYCEUM THEATRE.—MISS BATE-

MAN as MAKY WARNER.—Characters by Messrs. Fernandez, Billington, Johnson, Archer, E. Lyons, Pinero, Miss Virginia Francis, &c. Scenery and Music by Craven and Stoepel. Preceded by TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME. Pit enlarged, and auditorium rendered the coolest in London. Box Office open 10 to 5. Lessee and Manager, Mrs. Bateman.

## PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—IMMENSE

SUCCESS.—Every Evening, original Sensational Drama, QUEEN'S EVIDENCE. Most powerful caste. Preceded by LOVE IN HUMBLE LIFE. Commence at 7.30. SPECIAL NOTICE.—Last night of QUEEN'S EVIDENCE, Thursday, August 29th. Production of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, Saturday, August 31st.—PRINCESS'S.

## ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.—Sole Pro-

prietor, Benjamin Webster. Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. Gatti and T. G. Clark. Every Evening at 8. PROOF. Mr. Henry Neville, Messrs. A. Stirling, L. Lablache, C. Harcourt, J. Johnstone, and E. J. George. Mesdames Bandmann, B. Pateman, A. Stirling, Billington, Clara Jekins, Rimbault, and L. Moodie. Preceded by, at 7, SARAH'S YOUNG MAN. Messrs. E. J. George, F. Moreland, Waring. Mesdames Hudspeth, J. Coveney, and Bentley. To conclude with SHRIMPS FOR TWO.

## CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.—41st night and continued success of PINK DOMINOS. New scenery and effects. Every Evening, at 7.30, the serio-comic drama, in two acts, by John Oxenford, Esq., entitled THE PORTER'S KNOT; Samson Burr, Mr. Henry Ashley. At 8.45, THE PINK DOMINOS. Messrs. Standing, Elwood, Ashley, A. Harris, Francis; Mesdames Fanny Josephs, Emily Duncan, Camille Clermont, M. Davis, E. Bruce.—Acting-Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchens. Notice: The Theatre will not close for the usual Summer recess owing to the continued success of the PINK DOMINOS.

## FOLLY THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON. Last 12 Nights of the present Season, the Theatre closing for the usual Summer recess. Every Evening, at 8.15 precisely, LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE, Comic Opera in Three Acts (14th Representation), composed by R. Planquette. Adapted to the English stage by Farnie and Keece. Supported by Mesdames Emma Chambers, Violet Cameron, Sidney; Messrs. Shiel Barry, Loredan, F. Darrell, Ashford, and W. J. Hill. Full and efficient chorus. Preceded at 7.30, by CRAZED, in which Mr. W. Hill will sustain his original character.—Musical Director, Mr. E. Solomon. Acting Manager, Mr. J. E. Scanlan.

## OPERA COMIQUE.—

Manager, Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte. Every Evening, at 8.30, H.M.S. PINAFORE; or, The Lass That Loved a Sailor; an original nautical Comic Opera (written expressly for the Comedy Opera Company) by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan. Mesdames Emma Howson, Emily Cross, Jessie Bond; Messrs. Noel, Temple, Barrington, Clifton, Dymott, and George Grossmith, jun. At 7.45, CUPS AND SAUCERS; a Satirical Musical Sketch, written and composed by George Grossmith, jun. At 10.30, Mr. George Grossmith in his Entertainment, FIVE HAMLETS.

## ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. HARE. Every Evening, at 8.30, OLIVIA, a new play in Four Acts, written by W. G. Wills. The principal characters by Miss Marion Terry, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Misses Kate Aubrey, Neville, Turtle, Cathcart, Nicholls; Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. W. Terriss, Mr. Frank Archer, Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. Norman Forbes, Mr. Denison, Mr. Franks, &c.—Box-office hours, 11 to 5. No Fees for Booking. Doors open at 7.30. Carriages quarter to eleven.—Acting-Manager, Mr. Huys.

## VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—1150th

Night of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron (150th and following nights). Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG. Supported by Messrs. Flockton, Kyrle, Garthorne, Naylor, Bradbury, Austin, and Marshall; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Free list suspended. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

## ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

Mr. George Honey, and Comedy ENGAGED, for a limited number of nights. On Monday, and during the week, at 7.30, OUR BITTEREST FOE. At 8.15, ENGAGED. Mr. Honey, Messrs. Bruce, Cooper, &c.; Mesdames Hibbert, Cooper, Telbin, Stewart, &c.

## NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.

Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest. Every evening, at 7, a New Drama (G. Conquest and Pettitt), with all New Scenery and Mechanical Effects, entitled THE GREEN LANES OF ENGLAND. Messrs. James, Bennett, Nicholls, Parker, Vincent, Howe; Mesdames Verner, Victor, Denvil, Read, and Miss Rayner. To conclude with WAT TYLER, supported by the entire Company. On Wednesday the benefit of Mr. Joseph Isaacs. Dancing on the new wooden platform, in the newly-decorated grounds.—Acting Manager, Mr. G. Conquest, jun.; General Manager, Mr. H. Spry.

## BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Pro-

prietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, THE SUMACHAUN, a New Drama. Messrs. J. B. Howe, Reeve, Drayton, Charlton, Iowers, Rhoyds, Pitt, Lewis, Hyde; Miss M. Henderson, Mlles. Bellair, Summers, Rayner, Pettifer, Mrs. Newham. Miscellaneous Entertainment, Austin Brothers (Champion Shots), Miss Bertie Stokes, (Vocalist and Dancer), Joe Colverd (Vocal Comedian). To conclude with GEORGE BARRINGTON. Messrs. Reynolds, Bigwood, Mlles. Adams, Brewer.

Wednesday, Mr. Thomas Hyde's Benefit.

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## CRYSTAL PALACE.—Week ending August

17th.

Monday, August 12th.—International Circus, Williams's Variety Entertainment, Hanlon Voltas, Fritz Renhard.

Tuesday, August 13th.—Play by Chippendale Company, International Circus, Williams's Variety Entertainment, Hanlon Voltas, Fritz Renhard.

Wednesday, August 14th.—International Circus, Williams's Variety Entertainment, Hanlon Voltas, Fritz Renhard.

Thursday, August 15th.—Great Firework Display by Messrs. C. T. Brock & Co., Play by Chippendale Company, Band of Scots Guards, International Circus, Williams's Variety Entertainment, Hanlon Voltas, Fritz Renhard.

Friday, August 16th.—International Circus, Williams's Variety Entertainment, Hanlon Voltas, Fritz Renhard.

Saturday, August 17th.—Play by Chippendale Company, International Circus, Williams's Variety Entertainment, Hanlon Voltas, Fritz Renhard.

Admission to Palace, Monday to Friday, One Shilling daily; Saturday, Half-a-Crown or by Season Ticket.

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3.15. Special Variety Entertainment in Great Hall.

5.30. Zazel the marvellous.

7.45. Vocal and Instrumental Concert.

8.0. Second Great Variety Entertainment in the Hall.

10.30. Zazel's second performance.

The Lenton Troupe, the Gatos Musical Clowns, Professor Wheeler's prismatic fountains, the Wises Leonati, Levantine, Lola Rosita, French, Harris, and Mlle. Rose, and M. Andie Gautier. The most extraordinary combination of talent ever appearing before the public in one day.

THE MERMAID MANATEE.—The Glasgow News says:—"So rare is this animal that but on one previous occasion has a specimen been introduced into Britain. That one was imported at immense cost by the Zoological Society of London; but unfortunately it died within two or three days after its arrival. Mr. John T. Carrington, the naturalist to the Royal Aquarium Society of London, was in attendance yesterday to meet the s.s. Blenheim, and immediately took charge of this interesting stranger. He informs us that he has every reason to believe the animal will live and thrive for a sufficient time at least for scientific observation, although all its new surroundings will be so unlike those of its tropical home."—ROYAL AQUARIUM.

MISS MILLIE CHRISTINE, The Wonderful Two-Headed Nightingale, Baron LITTLEFINGER, Count ROSEBUD, and the Duchess of LILLIPUT, at home daily at the ROYAL AQUARIUM, where they will be happy to see and converse with visitors. Baron Littlefinger and Count Rosebud are the two most wonderful little dwarfs in the world. Baron Littlefinger is accompanied by his wife and two children. This being their final visit to London prior to their departure for America, all visitors to London should take this opportunity of visiting these marvellous and world-renowned people.

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CHARLES MATHER ("EXON") FUND.

We have received on behalf of the proposed fund to be raised in aid of the widow and five little children of the late Charles Mather ("Exon") plunged into sore distress by his sudden death, the following sums:—James Smith, jun., 20s.; "C," 21s.

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"PRECIOUS STONES AND GEMS,"  
By EDWIN W. STREETER, F.R.G.S.  
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THE ILLUSTRATED  
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1878.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

I CAN hardly wonder that the rink should be tabooed among respectable people as an amusement for the young, when I find the managers of a South Kensington rink sanctioning the following notice:—"The Committee reserve to themselves the right of excluding any lady they think proper."

A RICHMOND curate was eloquently pleading the cause of the widow, last Sunday. He drew a touching picture of the sorrows and trials and anxieties which are the lot of women thus bereaved. "Picture her, then, my brethren," he continued; "picture her day after day keeping up this weary struggle, possibly with no husband to advise and help her." Can this be the same curate who, when preaching on the Prodigal Son, spoke of the high honour done him in slaying the fatted calf for his repast? "No ordinary calf, my brethren, but one which had been the pet of the family for years."

I HEAR that the list of defaulters on the Turf in India

this season is a wofully large one. Backers have been hit very hard, and one honorary secretary of a race-meeting has plunged to such an extent as will probably lead to an unpleasant scandal.

THE news from the moors is cheerful, and the prospects of sport among the grouse seem better than they have been for some time past. Not so, however, the prospects of the First. There is disappointment in store, I am afraid, for many votaries of Saint Partridge. A correspondent tells me that on Monday, when his train was stopped to make room for an excursion near Kilworth, he saw a brace of birds with seventeen chicks not a fortnight hatched. A late brood, no doubt, but it there are many such, "cheepers" will be terribly plentiful in Leicestershire, at any rate, on the First.

SOME generous person has presented the Russell Club with a fine basso-relievo of Beatrice Cenci. The ladies of that Club have been much exercised in their minds to know who this Beatrice Cenci could be. The gallant secretary has been inundated with inquiries. He referred a number of ladies the other day to a clerical member of the club who is as modest as he is learned. The clerical member in his turn referred the ladies to Shelley. "And pray who is Shelley?" asked a matron, the wife of a well-known Civil Service official. The clerical member blushed and fled. It is clear that the Russell Club should retain the services of Mr. George Barnett Smith to lecture on the author of "The Cenci."

I HEARD not long ago a most amusing instance of the very slight acquaintance which ladies of the present day have with English literature. It was when Richard III. was on at the Lyceum, and I was discussing the merits of Irving's acting with two ladies, when a third joined in. "We are talking of Richard III. at the Lyceum," I said. "Oh, yes," was her reply, "we know the author very well. Mr. Wills, you know, who wrote Charles the First."

A CORRESPONDENT sends me rather a good story of Mr. Labouchere's *sang froid*, not to use a less complimentary term. It has appeared before, I believe, but it is worth reproduction. He had occasion one day to go to a police-court in answer to a summons from a tradesman or some minor personage, whom he had aggrieved. There were certain facts in the case which, if explained at the outset, would have quashed the whole proceedings at once. These Mr. Labouchere kept in the background. The matter occupied the best part of a morning, the magistrate's temper being much tried by the provoking ignorance of the defendant. At length the case was summed up, and a decision pronounced in favour of the plaintiff, and then Mr. Labouchere, as if they had just occurred to him, mentioned the circumstances which entirely altered the complexion of affairs. "Why didn't you tell me this before, sir, instead of wasting my time?" demanded the irate justice. "Oh!" was the reply, "I wanted to see how the London magistrates performed their duties. You have done exceedingly well. I am perfectly satisfied. Good morning."

THE *Globe* is a journal which prides itself upon the correctness of its information. It was, therefore, with much interest that, on Tuesday, I read among its "Court and Personal News" the following announcement:—"The Princess Louise and the Marchioness of Lorne have gone to Kissengen." It is too bad, however, at this juncture to charge the new Governor-General of Canada with bigamy.

WHY do some of the dailies carry their admiration of Captain Fred Burnaby to such extremes as to dub him Colonel? There are two Colonels Burnaby, one in the Guards and the other in the Engineers, but neither of them identical with the Khivan agent for Cockle's pills.

I SEE that some of my contemporaries are taking up the cudgels on behalf of the governesses, and commenting with much satirical force upon the wro gs and insults which they are compelled to suffer. But it seems to me that there is just as much to be said on behalf of the tutors. I heard of a wealthy auctioneer the other day, who, on engaging a tutor for his two sons, tried to beat him down to the paltry sum of one shilling and sixpence per hour. I heard, too, of a person holding a high official position objecting to pay two shillings and sixpence an hour to a Cambridge graduate for the tuition of his sons, whereupon the latter sharply retorted, "Do you expect, sir, to get a 'coach' for a less sum per hour than you pay a cab?"

DR. BARNARDO is a person of whose merits as a public benefactor I do not profess to be a judge. He, however, is good enough to send me his periodical, "Night and Day," which contains a good deal of interesting information, couched unfortunately in a canting, sickly-religious style, which is excessively irritating to me. I cull the following paragraph as affording gratifying proof that Society is not quite so selfish and wordly-minded as its satirists would have us suppose:—

"I have no more money to send you," writes a lady who has often helped with money and with believing prayer, 'but I cannot keep these jewels while your children are in such want.' Accompanying the note was a morocco casket, containing valuable gems which had once adorned the donor, but were now replaced by others of a more peerless lustre and undying brilliancy."

Dr. Barnardo must forgive me if I fail to see the generosity of a lady who exchanges inferior gems for superior. I myself would be willing to exchange paste for diamonds, especially if the exchange secured me a reputation for charity.

HERE is another affecting incident:—

"Two little Christian children, resident near Liverpool, sent me, a short time ago, eight or ten shillings, the product, they said, of the sale of *white mice*, which they had reared expressly for our institutions. The ingenuity of generous benevolence is not easily exhausted!"

GLANCING at the window of a well-known photographer the other day, it flashed upon me as I ran my eye over the "counterfeit presentments" of celebrities of all kinds that I have never seen a photograph of George Eliot. I am told that she has never had one taken, and she has thus secured herself from the crowning indignity of figuring in a shop-window beside Mrs. Bagot, Mrs. Langtry, and the Mabels and Minnies of opéra-bouffe.

THERE being no photograph of the author of "Adam Bede," I may be excused, perhaps, giving a pen-and-ink sketch of her, and written by a lady who had the pleasure of meeting the distinguished novelist a short time since:—"George Eliot is a woman who must have passed her fiftieth year. Her hair is dark brown, and has none of those silver threads one might expect where the burden of half a century of years is added to incessant labour, and experiences full of desolation. She is not at all handsome; her face is long and very pale, with a small, sensitive mouth; eyes dreamy, introspective, and sad always. Her hair is worn low over her intellectual forehead, and her slender figure has no robust energy about her. George Eliot's is the energy of mind, not of physical power. She is one of the greatest living conversationalists. She is one of the most accomplished amateur pianists in England, and a first-rate linguist, and seems to know as much about the healing art, history, and philosophy. What the witty Mrs. French said of Madame de Staël—that she is consolingly ugly—applies to George Eliot; but her plain features are made beautiful by her expression. She composes slowly and methodically, not more than sixty lines a day; and report says that when she has completed a book her nervous exhaustion is such that her husband takes her abroad at once to recruit her failing health. While writing, she must be scrupulously arranged as to surroundings and person. She is not only a wonderful authoress, but a clever housewife too; and her home-life is perfect in all its details."

ROUND ROBIN.

ENTERTAINMENT ON BOARD H.M.S. ALEXANDRA,  
AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

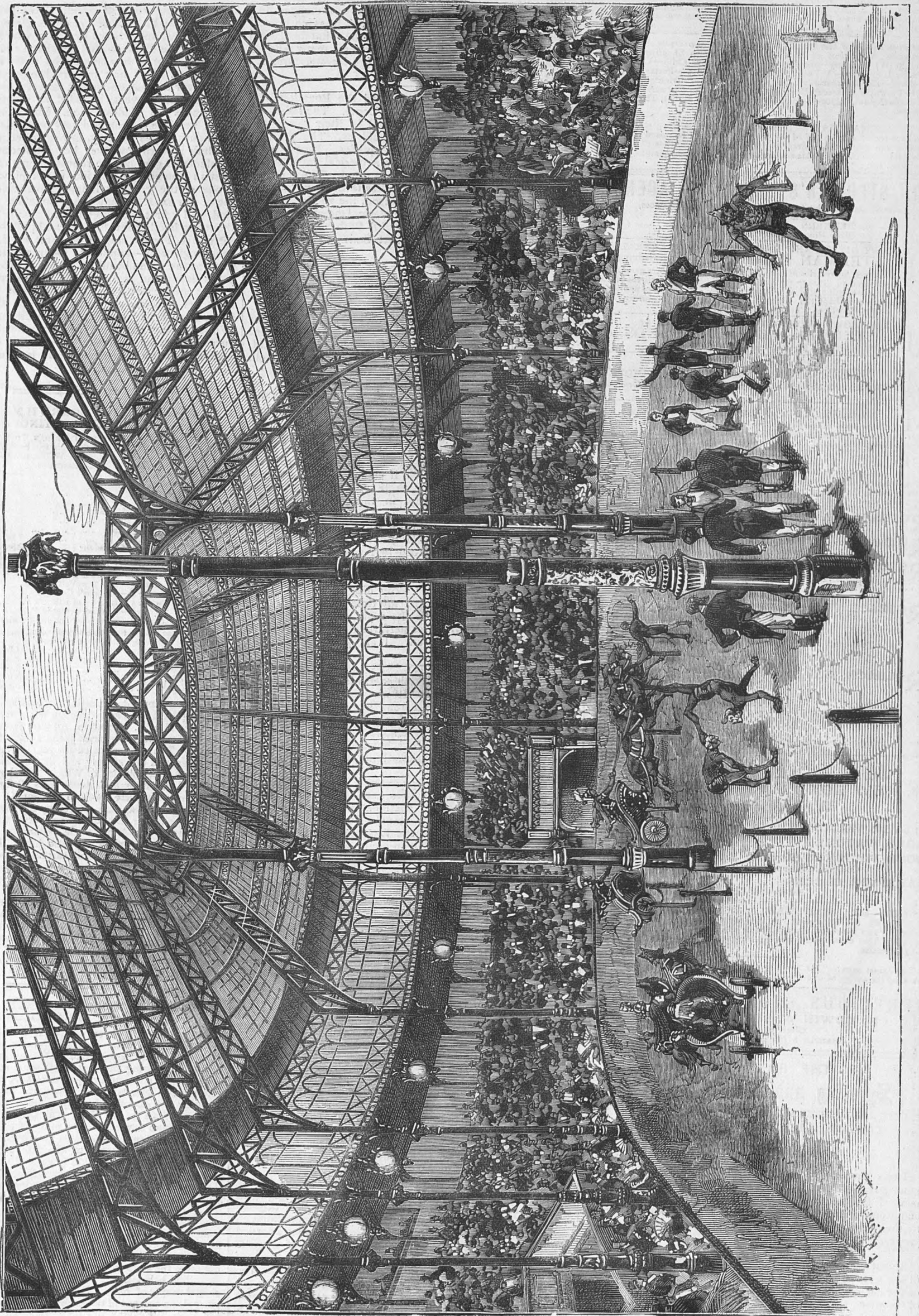
PRINCES ISLANDS, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1878.  
At 7.45 p.m., by the Officers of the Ship will be performed the Burlesque of "ALADDIN; OR, THE WONDERFUL SCAMP."

CHARACTERS.			
The Sultan .. ..	.. ..	Lieutenant Hammet.	
The Grand Vizier .. ..	.. ..	Mr. Willison.	
Pekoe .. ..	.. ..	Mr. Hancock.	
Aladdin .. ..	.. ..	Mr. Braddon.	
Abanazar the Magician .. ..	.. ..	Mr. Kay.	
Genius of the Ring .. ..	.. ..	Mr. Robinson.	
Slave of the Lamp .. ..	.. ..	Mr. Nicholson.	
Widow Twankay .. ..	.. ..	Lieutenant Rawson.	
Princess Badroulboudour .. ..	.. ..	Mr. Maud.	
Te To Tum .. ..	.. ..	Mr. Fellowes.	
Scene 1.—Hand-Tea Room to Sultan's Palace.			
Scene 2.—Street in Pekin.			
Scene 3.—The Jewelled Cavern.			
Scene 4.—Aladdin's Cottage.			
Scene 5.—Interior of Sultan's Palace.			
Scene 6.—Another Street in Pekin.			
Scene 7.—Saloon in the Magic Palace.			
Between the Scenes the Band will perform, under the direction of Signor Caracci, the following selection of music:—			
Selection .. ..	.. ..	Giroffé Giroffa.	
Bolero .. ..	.. ..	Souvenir di Cadiz.	
Valse .. ..	.. ..	Le Premier Baiser.	
Polka .. ..	.. ..	The Wren.	
March .. ..	.. ..	After the Opera.	

AN entertainment, consisting of theatricals (of which the above is the programme) and dancing, was given by the captain and officers of H.M.S. Alexandra, Admiral Hornby's flagship, in the Sea of Marmora, on Thursday, the 18th July, and was a brilliant success. The piece selected for representation was well put on the stage, and the scenery and dresses admirable. Lieutenant Rawson's impersonation of Widow Twankay was capital, and he sustained an admirable falsetto voice all through the piece. All the characters were well represented; especially so were Abanazar the Magician, played by Mr. Kay, and Aladdin, the hero, taken by Mr. Braddon, whose acrobatic feats excited great amusement. Mr. Maud made a charming Princess, and Lieutenant Hammet's Sultan was also good. The songs and dances through the piece were well sustained, and the audience kept well amused to the end, although many of the foreign guests could not understand the words, and consequently lost the puns and *jeux de mots*. The Ambassador and Lady Layard, Baker Pasha, and many Turkish and foreign functionaries of high rank honoured the entertainment by their presence. Dancing was the order of the evening after the fall of the curtain, and was kept up until the small hours. Altogether the evening was a complete success, and everyone went away hoping it would not be the last of a similar description at which they would assist on board the Alexandra.

GROUSE SHOOTING PROSPECTS ON THE YORK-  
SHIRE AND NEIGHBOURING MOORS.

BEFORE another issue can meet the eye of the reader the "Twelfth" will have been inaugurated on the vast range of moors above Peristone, and radiating into Derbyshire and Cheshire. During the past week some sportsmen have visited their estates, and active preparations have been going on for their reception on Monday next. From the arrangements made, the shooting will doubtless be very general, although in some cases the great bulk of the sport will be left until the season has become more advanced. On most of the subscription moors a full complement of sportsmen are almost sure to turn up. The estate recently belonging to the late Mr. Remington Wilson which, up to this year, has been shot over by private parties, has been let by ticket, twenty having been issued at £40 each. The reports received up to Wednesday night were of a cheering nature. The season, which has been a favourable one, has continued so up to the present time. The birds are very fine and strong on the wing, free from disease, and of capital plumage. Very few dead ones have been met with, and, taking into account the estimate that from seven to eight out of every ten birds which fell last year were old ones, the stock left is very good. The moors above and at Boardhill, belonging to Sir L. Pilkington, Bart., are yielding a capital supply of birds. Shooting in some parts will not be so general, on account of the somewhat sudden death of Mr. Haigh, son of Mr. W. Haigh, of Colne Bridge House, one of the lessors of part of the estate. Reports from the Dunford Moors, belonging to Mr. W. S. Stanhope, M.P., of Cannon Hall, are excellent. In all probability these moors will this season be the scene of an illustrious party of shooters including Mr. Cross (the Home Secretary). The moors at Woodhead, belonging to Lord Toller-mache, as well as those belonging to the representatives of the late Mr. Chapman, M.P., at Dunford, are likely to yield some good sport.



THE NEW HIPPODROME, PARIS.



PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCIPAL EQUESTRIENNES.

## MODERN ASSASSINS.

THE bravo and the hired assassin have disappeared with the state of civilisation in which they were tolerated, and only show themselves, like relics of a barbarous past, in melodramas at transpontine theatres. But, while those who inflicted deadly wounds, and sprang upon their victims in darkness and in safety to themselves no longer dare to attempt to do bodily harm, there are not wanting certain assassins of our peace of mind, men who under the safe veil of anonymity, are not ashamed to attack, and it may be to wound, those against whom they would be afraid to lift their hands in the light of day. Like many other creeping things, they make their onslaughts in the dark, and since their malignity is usually as baseless as their attacks are cowardly, the barest chance of detection is enough to frighten them into silence, thus they discontinue those annoyances from a feeling of fear which they would never have pretermitted from a sense of shame.

The modern assassin is the writer of anonymous letters. Such a man exercises all the tortuous ingenuity of a mind inflamed by malignant passions, in disguising his handwriting, generally with indifferent success, and sending unsigned epistles, which contain charges and insinuations to which he dare not put his name. He is an abject coward, for he stabs in the dark, and his attacks leave no chance of a reply. He is thus exactly in the position of an assassin who steals behind a man at night, plunges a sword into his back and then runs away. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred moreover, the charges made in anonymous letters are such as could easily be faced and disproved did the writer put his name to them; they are, in fact, a tissue of falsehoods, and it is just because he well knows that to be the case that they are sent out in a feigned hand and unsigned, except perhaps with some insulting pseudonym. A man who has a real grievance against another, and who desires to let his enemy or anyone else know it, has usually the manliness to do so in a straightforward manner. It is the cowardly calumniator who has no ground for his malicious lies, who shelters himself from punishment by concealing his identity; who dons, in fact, the cloak of the assassin, and only deals his blows when he believes himself to be perfectly disguised.

Who then are the persons who send such letters? It is a painful fact that if a man receives an anonymous letter, and then looks round the circle of his acquaintances to see who is most likely to have dealt him the cowardly blow, he will in most cases be right if he pitches upon that friend upon whom he has conferred most favours. He is still more likely to be right if he selects one to whom he has extended financial help, a man to whom, for instance, he has lent money over and over again, until he is weary of giving that support which never seems to lead to anything, and determines, in justice perchance to his own belongings, to cut off the supplies.

A man so assisted comes to hate his benefactor in exactly the same proportion as he ought to be grateful to him, and is just the kind of individual to deal in anonymous letters. We are in no way desirous of being unduly cynical, but it is a melancholy fact that there is nothing so rare in this world as gratitude. Wordsworth's philosophical insight was not at fault when he declared—sadly enough, no doubt—that the "gratitude of man" had often left him mourning, for certainly gratitude makes us the strangest returns nowadays. Well may Carlyle, too, talk of the present state of society as of that wherein each man "isolated, regardless of his neighbour, turned against his neighbour, clutches what he can get, and cries 'Mine,' and calls it Peace, because in the cut-purse and cut-throat Scramble no steel knives, but only a far cunninger sort can be employed." The latter knife—the cunninger sort, as the sage of Chelsea has it—is the one employed by the writer of anonymous letters, and it is obviously much more difficult to deal with that, than with any weapon brandished openly in fair fight. A writer of such letters is a secret assassin. He dares not come forward like a man and make his charges against you or yours in public, but he sneaks away and prepares his missile in the dark, then libels you to your friends, and slanders you for the very help which has enabled him to have any power for mischief at all. You have, in fact, assisted him to gain the very position and intimacy which has given him the chance of maligning you. The gratitude which is shown by the cur you have perhaps rescued from starvation, consists in yelping at your heels and stealing round to bite you in the dark.

A good many people, however, may argue—Why trouble ourselves about such attacks, why not treat them with the contempt they deserve, and take no notice of them. The answer is that no matter how contemptible—and contempt is too mild a word for the loathing every honourable man must feel for such anonymous traducers—even the smallest insect may cause considerable annoyance, and we may desire if possible to brush it away. The wear and tear of life is quite enough for any man to bear without being subjected to the pestering of noxious flies or other disturbers of his peace. Hence it is that when libelled in this way the impulse of every man is, if possible, to find out the traducer and punish him in the only way in which such a cur can feel it—namely, by a sound chastisement. Reflection, however, convinces us that nothing could in one sense be more foolish, though, no doubt, such a measure would afford temporary gratification. For a gentleman to fight with a man of the kind we have described would simply be to lower himself to the same level, and thus it is the libeller escapes the punishment which he richly deserves.

Our only resources then are silence and contempt, but it were well that the writers of anonymous slanders should not presume too much on the forbearance of those they attack. No matter how conscious a man may be of the utter falsehood of the statements circulated about him in this way, it is possible to pester him too much, and happily the arm of the law is strong enough and long enough to reach such miscreants and to inflict due punishment upon them. Those, therefore, who stoop to such cowardly warfare had better take warning in time, and rest assured that sooner or later condign punishment will await the modern assassin.

## MUSIC.

## COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

THE first promenade concert of the season at Covent Garden was given on Saturday last, just a fortnight after the termination of the Royal Italian Opera season. In this short space of time the aspect of the theatre has been completely changed. The grand tier boxes have been removed to make room for an open "grand circle." The pit tier boxes have disappeared; the pit has been boarded over, flush with the stage; a new canopy overhangs the stage; the extensive promenade has been freshly carpeted; ferns, flowers, fountains, pictures, and statuary meet the eye in all directions; and everything that taste could devise and liberality secure has been done to render the *coup d'œil* attractive, and to promote the comfort of the thousands of visitors who may be expected to attend these concerts. The musical attractions are greater than have ever before been provided at any similar musical undertaking. The band, consisting of no less than eighty-two performers, comprises all the best members of last year's band, and in a few instances additional strength has been secured by the engagement of fresh artists of distinguished ability. This large body of instrumentalists is reinforced when desirable by the band of the Coldstream Guards, under Mr. Fred. Godfrey, and so strong an orchestral band has seldom been collected. The musical forces are directed by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, the most popular and able of our native musicians, and his name adds greatly to the attractiveness of the concerts. Mr. Sullivan is not only a successful composer of oratorio, opera, and symphony—to say nothing of his numerous minor works—but is also a skilful and experienced orchestral conductor, familiar with the scores and the traditions of the best works in every style of music. A master of his art, and gifted by nature with a rare musical organisation, he is able to appreciate the writings of other composers, and to bring to their interpretation that faculty of sympathy which gives life to art. With such a conductor to direct so fine a band, there can be little doubt that the masterpieces which are to be included in the repertory of the season will be ably executed. It is worthy of notice that Mr. Sullivan has evidently resolved to impart a high tone to the musical arrangements of the season. As we announced several weeks back, the first eight symphonies of Beethoven form the chief attractions of the eight concerts given on the eight Mondays comprised in the season. Here is a grand opportunity for students and amateurs to become acquainted with the master-works of the greatest writer of symphonies, and to trace the gradual development of his genius from the early symphonies, in which the influence of Haydn and Mozart may be recognised, down to those subsequent works, stamped with the creative power which places Beethoven above all his predecessors, contemporaries, and successors. The Monday concerts of the season will thus be rendered attractive to the lovers of classical instrumental music, in its highest form, and classical concerts will also be given, as heretofore, on every Wednesday evening. Fridays will be devoted exclusively to English music, in which our national ballads will be prominent. A special feature will be the execution of various orchestral compositions—some of them new to this country—written by Bizet, St. Saëns, Delibes, Massenet, and other representatives of the modern French school. Mr. Weist Hill was the first to make English musicians acquainted with these interesting sources of attraction, and it was wise to follow his example, and to provide a counterpoise to the exaggerated pretensions of the modern German school. Some of the contemplated arrangements have been unavoidably changed. Mdlle. Marie Krebs is, unfortunately, too unwell to appear in public at present, but we have great pleasure in announcing that Messrs. Gatti have secured the services of Mr. Charles Hallé. M. Métra, who had been engaged as conductor of the dance music, is prevented by indisposition from fulfilling his engagement. His absence will, however, cause little regret, since Messrs. Gatti have secured the valuable aid of Mr. Alfred Cellier, a sterling musician and skilful conductor, who will not only direct the dance music, but will assist Mr. Sullivan in conducting more important works, especially the orchestral accompaniments to vocal music. M. Marlois and Mr. Richard Barrett will also render acceptable service as pianoforte accompanists.

Vocal music has always been one of the prominent attractions of the Promenade Concerts, and it has evidently received serious consideration from Messrs. Gatti, who, instead of placing their chief reliance on a quartet of third-rate foreign vocalists, have this season engaged the cream of our native artists. The consequent increase of expenditure must be very large, but it is most likely that in this instance liberality and enterprise will be abundantly rewarded. This introductory notice would be incomplete without mention of an important change made by Mr. Sullivan in the position occupied by the conductor's desk. Heretofore, the conductor has always been placed in the middle of the orchestra, with his back to the brass instruments and drums. Mr. Sullivan's desk is placed close to the front of the platform, and he sits with his back to the audience and in full view of every member of the band. The advantages of this judicious alteration are obvious, and in making it Mr. Sullivan has shown that he rightly comprehends the duties of his post, and thinks it his chief business to secure good performances rather than to seek occasions for self display.

The opening concert presented no special orchestral features, the programme being of the miscellaneous kind usual on Saturday nights; yet the excellent quality of the band found scope for manifestation on several occasions. The overtures to *Oberon* and to *Guillaume Tell*, the introduction to the third act of *Lohengrin*, and the G minor pianoforte concerto of Mendelssohn, were admirably played. In the Concerto, the pianoforte part was entrusted to Miss Josephine Lawrence, who executed her difficult task with an intellectuality of style and a brilliancy of execution which proved that she had profited by the instruction received from the empress of pianistes, Madame Arabella Goddard. Mr. Howard Reynolds played Schubert's lovely "Ständchen" with great taste, but this most refined and poetical of serenades is not suitable to the cornet-à-pistons. A skilful orchestral arrangement, by M. Georges Jacobi, of themes from *The Sorcerer* was received with much favour. It included solos for Mr. J. Radcliff and Mr. Howard Reynolds, ably rendered by those accomplished artists. Popular songs were successfully rendered by Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Maybrick, and Mdlle. Alma Verdini made her first appearance in England. She was evidently very nervous in each of her solos, "Ah fors' e lui" (*La Traviata*) and Venzano's vocal waltz, "Ah che assorta," but she rapidly won the favour of her audience. Her voice is a bright and sympathetic soprano, of considerable compass and flexibility, and she sings with animation and earnestness. Her execution of florid passages and shakes was not entirely free from blemish, but allowance must be made for nervousness. Mdlle. Verdini's personal attractions are remarkable—as our readers will be enabled to judge from her portrait, which we shall shortly have the pleasure of publishing—and with further study and experience she might probably make her mark on the operatic stage.

On Monday last, Beethoven's Symphony in C major, No. 1, was played in masterly style, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and was warmly applauded by the large audience, amongst whom were many professional musicians. Madame Rose Hersee and Madame Antoinette Sterling made their first appearances this season, and were enthusiastically welcomed.

Mr. Frederici met with a favourable reception, Miss Josephine Lawrence played Chopin's grand Polonaise in E flat with taste and ability, and Mdlle. Verdini sang solos by Verdi and Eckert with considerable success.

At the "classical concert" on Wednesday last the B flat symphony of Schumann was capitally played, and the programme also included Beethoven's great *Leonora* overture (No. 3), which was so superbly played, that prolonged endeavours were made to obtain a repetition. Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* overture and his G minor pianoforte concerto, and Schubert's "Air de Ballet" (*Rosamunda*) were also included in the programme. Mrs. Patey sang "Creation's Hymn," by Beethoven, with such beauty of voice that an encore was inevitable. Mdlle. Verdini made an unlucky choice of the romance, "Il va venir," from Halévy's *Juive*—a morceau unsuitable to the concert-room. Mr. Frederici also made an injudicious selection in Gounod's "Oh that we two were maying," which was written by Gounod expressly for a soprano voice. Mr. Barton McGuckin made a genuine success in Haydn's "In native worth," which was warmly applauded, and Miss Josephine Lawrence played the G minor concerto even better than on the previous Saturday. Of the Ballad Concert on Friday we must speak hereafter. The concerts have thus far been in all respects successful. We have the best authority for stating that the attendance of visitors has been far above the average of preceding years—and it seems to be the general opinion that the performances have been superior to those by which they were preceded. Mr. Arthur Sullivan has shown untiring zeal as well as masterly skill in the discharge of his duties as musical director, and has been well aided by Mr. Alfred Cellier. It should be borne in mind that on Monday next Beethoven's Symphony in D major (No. 2) will be performed, in addition to other strong attractions. The musical public may congratulate themselves on the quality of the musical fare provided for their enjoyment during the next seven weeks by Messrs. A. and S. Gatti.

## OPERA COMIQUE.

*Cups and Saucers*, a light and amusing *lever de rideau*, words and music by Mr. George Grossmith, Junr., was successfully produced at the Opera Comique Theatre on Monday last. There are but three characters in the piece, and the slight plot worked out by an old general (Mr. Temple) and a middle-aged spinster (Miss Emily Cross) is a satire on the mania for old china and bric-a-brac. The music is light and pretty, the dialogue amusing, and the piece was well received.

Madame Edith Wynne, Miss Marian Williams, and Mr. Maybrick have been singing at the "Eisteddfod" at Menai Bridge, North Wales, during the present week. The building erected for the occasion, holding nearly 6,000 people, has been filled each day.

## MADEMOISELLE ALBANI.

Mademoiselle Emma Albani has become so endeared to the English public by the exercise of her charming vocal gifts, and by the unaffected amiability of her character, that at the present moment, when she is more than ever identified with this country, we shall probably anticipate a general wish in publishing her portrait. In the character of Virginia she, during the recent season of the Royal Italian Opera, made one of those successes which have latterly seemed to be always at her command. M. Victor Massé's opera, *Paul et Virginie*, is not likely to become permanently popular, for many reasons which have heretofore been sufficiently discussed, but it will be remembered because of Mdlle. Albani's refined and graceful impersonation of the heroine—a complete realisation of a pure and poetical conception. Her beautiful voice lent attraction to music which, though elegant, was far from original; her gentle and artless demeanour enlisted general sympathy, and all the while she was on the stage the opera seemed to be enjoyable. It may possibly keep the stage so long as Mdlle. Albani is willing to impersonate the heroine, but when she finally resigns the character there will be no successor qualified to take her place.

## M. CAPOUL.

Monsieur Victor Capoul's portrait in the character of Paul, in M. Victor Massé's opera, *Paul et Virginie*, will doubtless be welcomed as a fitting pendant to the portrait of Mdlle. Albani, in the character of Virginie, which graces our first page. M. Massé's opera was produced so recently at the Royal Italian Opera that it will be needless to enter into a discussion of its merits on this occasion. M. Capoul was not personally suitable to the character of Paul, and would not part with his cherished moustache for the sake of looking a little more like a boy of fifteen. His acting was, as usual, replete with passionate energy, and in the scene where Paul learns from his mother the secret of his illegitimacy he displayed remarkable dramatic power. M. Capoul has very few admirers in this country, but it must be remembered that in France he is held in high estimation, and a man who succeeds in obtaining "honour in his own land" must possess many merits.

WHAT with the strenuous action and the zealous competition both of men and of horses, the enthusiasm of spectators, the pretty effect of many-coloured costumes, the rich verdure of the landscape, and the unclouded splendour of the sky, a polo match at Hurlingham on a fine day in midsummer is no unpromising theme for a picture. The subject has received vigorous and characteristic treatment at the hands of Mr. George Earl, whose painting descriptive of the famous match resulting in a "tie" between the Royal Horse Guards (Blue) and the Gentlemen of Monmouthshire, contested in the month of May, 1877, is now on view at the Guard's Gallery, in the Haymarket. Messrs. J. Brocklehurst, R. Gascoigne, E. Atherley, Hon. C. Fitzwilliam, and Lord Kilmarnock, with Sir Bache Cunard for umpire, constitute the Horse Guards' team, that of Monmouthshire being composed of Captain Herbert, Sir C. W. Wolsley, and Messrs. J. Mellor, Reginald Herbert, and Hugh Owen, with Mr. E. Curre for umpire. The pictures both of riders and ponies are portraits, and among the crowd of lookers-on, seated either upon the benches or upon the roofs of drags in the background, the likenesses of many personages of social distinction may be discerned. Versions of the work executed in two sizes, according to the photo-gravure process, will soon be published.

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## THE DRAMA.

## GAIETY THEATRE.

IN a note upon the Gaiety programme Mr. John Hollingshead reminds the public, with pardonable self-congratulation, that ever since the theatre opened in December, 1868, and during a period of nearly ten years under his management, it has only been closed ten weeks, and against these ten weeks there have been afternoon performances equal to one year and nine weeks. And we are certainly of opinion that the unvarying popularity that has shone upon the Gaiety Theatre is as much owing to the good sense and commercial perspicacity of the management in regard to the conduct of the front of the house as to the general excellence of the performances exhibited upon the stage. Only at two theatres in the West End of London the playgoers can enter with the comfortable assurance that he will be handed a playbill and conducted to his seat without being subject to those annoying charges and demands that so often rob him beforehand of half the enjoyment he expects to derive from the entertainment. These two theatres are the Gaiety and the Prince of Wales's. Why the managers of other theatres have not shown the same sense as the managers of these has always been a mystery to us. Why they will continue to play into the hands of a gang of publicans and harpies to whom it matters nothing whether the house is filled with "orders" or by a paying audience, so long as they can extort from the reluctant shilling upon any petty pretext whatever, is indeed incomprehensible. That such genuine and permanent prosperity ever attends the enterprises of such managers as that which is the sure reward of those who have had resolution and common sense enough to adopt the opposite course we will never be persuaded. At all events, the aspect of the audience which were assembled on the first night of the re-opening of the Gaiety Theatre was that of people who come confidently expecting to receive full value for their money. They surveyed with evident admiration the tasteful improvements in the auditorium. During the recess the theatre has been entirely redecorated in a much lighter and more sparkling tone than formerly. Whether the glitter in front will tend rather to prejudice some of the stage scenery we will not pretend to decide. We think, however, the appearance of the house is decidedly improved by the alteration. The new act drop, by Messrs. Gordon and Harford, is excellent. The warmth with which the Gaiety audience (for it undoubtedly has an audience of its own which believes in it before all other temples of the drama) recognised and welcomed their favourite players must have been very encouraging to the artists in question. The programme contained no new item. It opened with Mr. Hollingshead's version of Meilbac and Halevy's *La Cigale*, entitled *The Grasshopper*. As we have on a previous occasion remarked, this piece, although it affords Miss E. Farren the opportunity of indulging in all sorts of madcap antics, and much of what in a male actor we should call—well—buffoonery, is not a successful comedy in its English dress. We do not believe that in the original it can be classed among the best works of those most practical of stage writers, Messrs. Meilbac and Halevy, albeit we can readily imagine that Celine Chaumont (who is in our opinion the only living actress that can by herself sustain the entire interest of a comedy irrespective of the *dramatis personæ* that surround her) invested the part of *La Cigale* with a subtle charm that made it a valuable dramatic creation. But Miss Farren brings an entirely different order of talent to its impersonation, and produces only a farcical caricature whose eccentricities become wearisome long before the conclusion of the piece. As Pygmalion Flippit Mr. Edward Terry is not more satisfactory. We must say that we think if *The Grasshopper* did not contain so much of the sort of clowning which belongs rather to the burlesque part of the entertainment which follows it the programme would be more satisfactory. As the Hon. Mr. Moran, Mr. E. W. Royce acquitted himself with his usual skill. Mr. John Maclean plays the Earl of Bogland, a part utterly unworthy of an actor of his powers and experience. Mr. Robert Soutar is amusing as Old Gyngall, a showman. Mr. Fawcett plays Stepple, Mr. Squire Fogg, and Miss Jameson Adelina Gushington, the Pet of the Photographers. In spite of such faults as we have indicated, *The Grasshopper* was received with applause, the old favourites, as we said, being each in turn the recipient of an enthusiastic welcome. By the time the act-drop was lifted upon that lively and exhilarating burlesque *Little Doctor Faust* the stalls were filled with that assemblage of men in evening dress who always form so large a portion of a Gaiety audience. The burlesque went off with all its old spirit. Miss Farren and Mr. Terry were of course two stars in conjunction, who sparkled irresistibly with fun and frolic. But perhaps the most notable feature of *Little Doctor Faust* is Mr. Royce's performance of Valentine. We do not know any burlesque actor who possesses Mr. Royce's grotesque power, and he has very deservedly gained a most strong and evident hold upon the Gaiety audiences. The graceful element of the piece was supplied by Miss Kate Vaughan, who looks more charming than ever. Mr. Soutar was old Faust. Mr. Hollingshead has succeeded in introducing over the entrance of the Gaiety a magnetic light, which puts the ordinary gas lamps very considerably to the blush, and we doubt not, if electricity could be once fairly introduced in stage effect, many improvements might be effected. The next novelties in preparation at the Gaiety are a farcical comedy by Mr. F. C. Burnand, founded on Thackeray's *James's Diary*, and Gilbert's burlesque, *Robert the Devil*.

## PARK THEATRE.

This pretty suburban house, which has been closed for the last four or five weeks "owing to damage caused by the late severe storm," was reopened on Saturday night last, for the production of a drama somewhat topically entitled *A Treaty of Peace*, written by G. L. Gordon. It will be remembered that Mr. Gordon is the author of a comedy *Auld Lang Syne*, which was running wearily at the time of the elemental disturbance above alluded to. The comedy was smartly written, and promised well for future successes from the same pen, albeit a large portion of the dialogue was useless as regarded the action of the piece, however brilliant it may have been as a specimen of loose repartee. *A Treaty of Peace* is marred by the same fault. This apparently arises from the anxiety of the author to procure a good part for the display of his talent as a modern satirist. It is a pity Mr. Gordon should be so ill-advised, as it is very evident that he possesses the dramatic instinct in no ordinary degree, and we would urge him to forsake the beaten track of imitation, and to hew a path for himself through the fastnesses of originality. We shall not attempt to explain the plot of this last drama, but had it been produced during the recent doubtful relations between England and Russia we do not doubt but that all male persons in the audience between the ages of fifteen and fifty years would at once have enrolled themselves under the "flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." The dialogue teems with patriotism, in fact it somewhat resembles the contents of a patriotic toast-book, the sentiment of a dozen war songs being crowded into the three acts. Here and there during the action, when the house is not enthralled by bombs, rifles, knives, pistols, fives, and

drums it is treated to some very smart dialogue (after Tom Robertson, in "Ours") between Miss Marie Stevens as Penny Wise and Mr. Gordon as Waverley Penn. The lady plays her part with considerable "go," and the author seems in his element when Cupid rules the roast. The most naturally-written part is that of the Irish corporal (is there not an Irish corporal in "Ours"?), Michael O'Gaff. This was safe in the hands of Mr. Barney Cullen, whose good acting and unctuous brogue added not a little to its success. Mr. George Temple played the hero, while, as his brother, Mr. Moxon was heavily impressive. Mr. Kinghorne struggled manfully with the part of the villain, but the villain triumphed. Bob Hazel, the comic servant, a good part, should have been entrusted to a low comedian. The part of the heroine was successfully interpreted by Miss Fanny Pitt, who might, however, make her part a little stronger without fear of exaggeration. The piece, well put upon the stage, was received with something like enthusiasm, manageress, author, and all concerned being honoured with a call at the end of the performance.

## "PINK DOMINOS" AT THE STANDARD.

"There is nothing so successful as success"—a proverb trite, but eminently practical. And although the particular success achieved by that cleverly-constructed comedy, *The Pink Dominos*, is not altogether creditable to the moral sensibility of the nineteenth century, it nevertheless must be recorded that, even at the Standard Theatre in Shoreditch, and played by what is styled the "Wyndham No. 2 Company," it meets with nothing but hearty laughter and applause. The piece is creditably acted all round by the "Wyndham No. 2 Company," which has, we believe, been travelling round the minor and less sophisticated country towns. It does not appear, however, that our country cousins are, where genuine comedy is concerned, a whit more delicate than we hardened sinners of the Modern Babylon, because they are everywhere recorded to have relished highly Mr. James Albery's smart version of the naughty French piece. It is not our place to moralise, but we may be pardoned for saying that we think at least one half of the success which has attended *The Pink Dominos* it owes to the equivocal reputation it gained at the hands of our zealous critics on the occasion of its first production at the Criterion. The "Wyndham No. 2 Company" seems to have been well selected and well drilled. It includes Mesdames Rose Roberts, Alice Grey, G. Roland, Bessie Harrison, and Louise Vernon; Messrs. F. Charles, J. Brockbank, J. B. Bannister, F. Harcourt, and H. Charles. The acting management is ably and courteously effected by Mr. Sam Genese, jun. We have only one fault to find with *Pink Dominos* at the Standard, which is that the theatre is much too large, to our thinking, for the comfortable exhibition of comedy.

## OLYMPIC.

If the *Woman of the People* cannot rank among the best specimens of Porte St. Martin melodrama, it is nevertheless in some of its main features an extremely interesting one. We are surprised, however, that Mdlle. Beatrice's manager should have thought it advisable to advertise it by means of a placard letter signed by one Joe Macaulay, who testifies to the converting powers of the drama in question. Such a device might prove effective in provincial towns, where the local parsons perchance would improve upon the theme in their Sunday discourses, but in London such expedients are futile. The chief fault of the *Woman of the People* is one common in French melodrama—it has too much "padding," and is generally too voluminous. An English audience has not the patience of a French one; our playgoers like a strong story to be told on the stage with as little delay as possible. Now, the story of this drama of MM. Denney and Mallian is both strong and interesting, but it takes an unconscionably long time in the telling. The play opens on a day when two marriages take place—the one in high, the other in humble life. Sophie, a maiden of Society, is married to the Count de Bussiere, and Marie (the woman of the people) is rash enough to allow Bertrand, a working man of dissipated habits, to lead her to the altar. It is on the future of this last-mentioned couple that the interest of the drama mainly depends. Bertrand has a boon companion, one Remy, who tempts him after marriage into renewed debauchery, which drives his poor wife to such a pitch of distraction that she gives up her child at the Foundling Hospital rather than have it perish physically or morally through the vice of its father. She also renounces her husband, who is struck with remorse and anxious about the fate of the child. Marie tells him that if he will reform, work, and provide a respectable home, she will then tell him the means by which the boy can be identified and restored. Unfortunately for her the scene outside the Foundling Hospital is overheard by the villain of the piece. The Countess de Bussiere, now a widow, has promised to marry if he will save the life of her own boy, who has died under Appiani's care (he pretends to be a physician), and his object is to find a child that he will be able to pass off on the Countess as her own. He succeeds in the fraud so far as Sophie is concerned, and substitutes Marie's child for hers. Fate, however, decrees that Marie shall enter the service of the Countess, and of course the moment she sees her baby she recognises it and claims it for her own. Appiani makes her out insane, and puts her in a lunatic asylum, where her husband, who has seen the error of his ways, and becomes a reformed character, finds and liberates her. They then begin to try and recover the child together, and Appiani's scheme is defeated at the very moment when he is about to wed the Countess, and the curtain falls upon a brighter future for the *Woman of the People*. It will be seen that there is at once a powerful plot, and we only wish that it was told more briefly, and that certain scenes which can only have been written to "fill out," because they have no necessary connection with the story, had been curtailed or excoriated. Mdlle. Beatrice in the leading rôle of Marie acts superbly, giving to the leading situations all the power and pathos which belongs to them. And certainly those feminine playgoers who love "a good cry" ought not to miss seeing her in this touching character. Mdlle. Beatrice is excellently supported. Mr. Carter-Edwards as Signor Appiani, the villain, is particularly good and unconventional. As Bertrand, the erring husband, Frank Harvey acts naturally. Mr. George Ward, as Dr. Leblanc, the "mad doctor," acts with his customary sustained strength and intelligence, while Miss Charlotte Saunders, who we were glad to welcome back to London, impersonated with pure realism an old woman of eighty-eight, Marie's grandmother. We miss Mr. Wenman from the ranks of Mdlle. Beatrice's company, of which he was for so many years an accomplished member, but Mr. T. B. Appleby plays the serio-comic part of Remy, Bertrand's worthless "pal," in a most entertaining fashion. The scenery is excellent, a snow scene especially, which is always relished by the lovers of melodramatic effects; in short, there has been no drama produced at the Olympic since *The Two Orphans* so thoroughly interesting as *The Woman of the People*, and it is to be regretted that Mdlle. Beatrice's period of tenancy is so limited.

Mr. Palgrave Simpson has gone to Switzerland.

The Society of Dramatic Authors will start on its new and reformed career in the course of a week or so.

Miss Sophia Young has taken Mrs. Bancroft's place as Countess

Zuka, in *Diplomacy*, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and Mr. Forbes Robertson replaces Mr. Bancroft. Mr. Henry Kemble plays Algine vice Mr. Sugden resigned.

Mr. Charles Wyndham and Miss Eastlake are not playing their parts in *Pink Dominos*. Mr. Herbert Standing and Miss Emily Duncan replace them.

We exceedingly regret to say that owing to a very serious illness, Mr. Fred Mervin has been forced to give up playing the part of Julian in *Fatinitza* at the Alhambra. Mr. Mervin in this rôle earned well-deserved praise and applause from all quarters.

An American contemporary states that an Italian actress of some note, who has lately been exploiting the boards of Havana and Mexico (Signora Pezzana Gualtieri), will appear in New York next season. She is of the robust school, and plays Hamlet among other Shakspearean rôles. Signora Gualtieri is not handsome, her face being broad, and bearing traces of small-pox, but she has genuine power, and what will commend her to the best society, she is married to a marquis who has won considerable reputation as an author.

There is now (says the *New York Spirit of the Times*) no doubt that the piece selected for the opening of the season at Wallack's Theatre is a dramatisation of Richardson's novel of *Clarissa Harlowe*. Mr. Boucicault, who has done the work, will not appear in this production, but will come forward later in an Irish play, on which he is now engaged. Miss Coghlan will be the Clarissa, Mr. Coghlan the Lovelace. Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Beckett, and Mdm. Ponisi will be provided with rôles, the latter depicting Mrs. Sinclair, and the rôle designed for Mr. Wallack will be entrusted to some good leading man not yet engaged, but probably Mr. Charles Barron, late of the Boston Museum. *Clarissa Harlowe* ought to make a powerful melodrama, and it has, besides, an old-time flavour—two great advantages in the present state of the public's predilections.

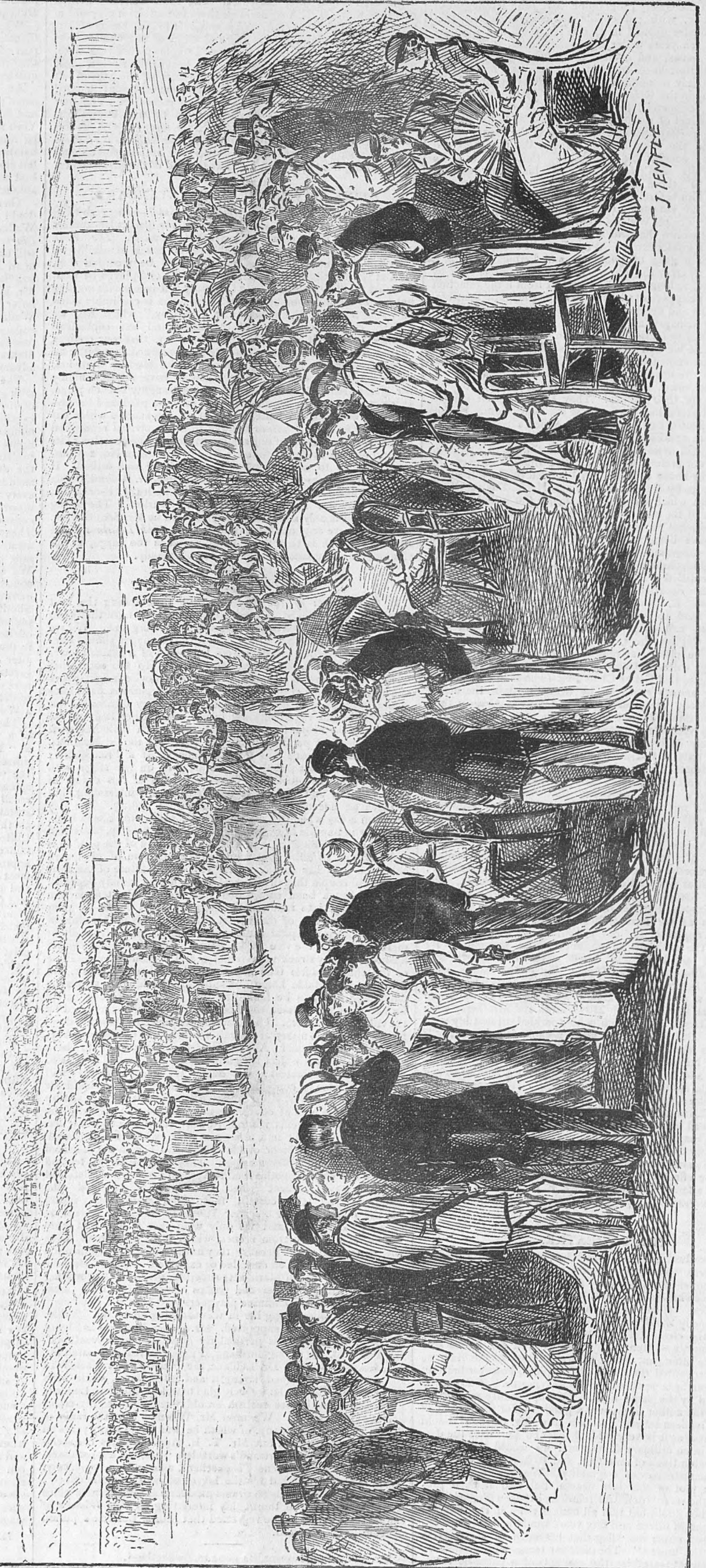
The new Theatre Royal at Wolverhampton was re-opened with great éclat. The occasion was patronised by many persons of distinction. A local journal describes the scene thus:—Last evening the doors were opened considerably before the time announced, and very shortly every seat was occupied, and when the lights were turned up the scene presented was one of singular brilliancy. The richness of the decorations, the crowd of ladies in the dress circle, with Lady Wrottesley in the centre—surrounded by representatives of some of our leading families—in every variety of elegant toilet, and the vast and well-dressed assemblage which filled the house from floor to ceiling, formed a *coup d'œil* such as has never been witnessed in Wolverhampton Theatre for a very long period. As most of our readers are aware, the management had secured for the inauguration of their new venture the services of Mr. Charles Collette and Miss Blanche Wilton—both stars of considerable magnitude in the world of comedy—supported by a first-class company of metropolitan artistes, and that the opening piece on the programme was Sheridan's celebrated comedy, *The Critic*. As an appropriate prelude, however, on such an occasion, immediately on the raising of the curtain, Mrs. C. A. Newham, a lady not unknown to fame in the theatrical annals of our town, came smiling forward, and, after gracefully acknowledging the enthusiastic reception which greeted her, proceeded, in well-measured sentences and a clearness of enunciation that made her voice heard all over the house, to deliver a prologue, which had been written specially for her by a Wolverhampton gentleman.

The stage in America has suffered a serious loss in the death of a well-known actress, Mary Wells, whose funeral took place at "The Little Church Round the Corner." "She will be greatly missed," says a correspondent of the *Boston Times*, "for of all the 'old women' of the stage she has been by far the most conspicuous and useful in Shakspearean productions. I do not recall a revival at Booth's Theatre indeed in which she did not sustain some rôle in a manner that won her praise. As far back as the production of a *Winter's Tale*, with Mark Smith, Ada Clifton, Mollenhauer, and Bella Pateman in the cast, she sustained the leading rôle. Her Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* won approbation through the Neilson representations, and she was the most expressive of Audreys. She appeared as a witch in *Macbeth*, and made a grim ghostly apparition when Charlotte Cushman said farewell. She was more than once the Queen to Booth's Hamlet, and in *Henry V.* she was an irreproachable Dame Quickly. That character was indeed one of her happiest efforts. It will be very hard to replace Mary Wells. Madame Ponisi is chief among the duenna of old comedies, and is wedded to Wallack's; Mrs. Gilbert makes her successes in the modern school, to both the grande dames eccentric personages of which she gives an aristocratic flavour, something like the dried rose-leaves esteemed by housekeepers; and Miss Morant, excellent in tragedy, has of late confined herself to the aristocratic ladies of French melodramas, who either have a secret themselves or are willing to be the recipient of the confidences of their juniors. In this domain her deportment is invaluable; who could imagine her otherwise than with lustrous eyes raised to heaven while, with her jewelled fingers pressed upon her velvet corsage, she trails yards and yards of silk and satin after her, and bewails her unhappy fate. She has generally committed what the French delicately term a *faute*, and, oh! mon Dieu! mon Dieu! how miserable she is!"

A LEIPSI paper records a number of superstitions of artistes, some of which are very curious. Tietjens, for instance, believed that the person would speedily die who shook hands with her over the threshold at parting; Rachel and Mars thought they gained their greatest success immediately after they met a funeral; Bellini would not permit a new work to be brought out if on the day announced he was first greeted by a man, and *La Sonnambula* was several times thus postponed; Meyerbeer regularly washed his hands before beginning an overture, and a living noted tragedienne never plays unless she has a white mouse in her bosom.

SOME lairds when letting their moors honestly state the number of grouse that may be shot or that they allow to be killed. One advertiser says that on his moor in Aberdeenshire of 8,800 acres, the rent of which is at present one thousand pounds, 7,000 brace of grouse were killed in 1872; and, if sold at the rate of 3s. per brace, the birds of that moor, taking it for granted that the number could be kept up, would bring more than the rent named. A small moor in Perthshire offered in conjunction with a mansion-house, at a rent of £450, yields from 80 to 100 brace of grouse—a number only sufficient, probably, for the sportsman's family and to admit of a few brace being presented to friends. For the sum of £1,250 may be obtained a deer forest and grouse moor on the island of Lewis, which yields 300 brace of grouse and 100 stags and hinds: there is also a lodge, with an intimation that "peats can be had at the usual rates;" also plenty of fishing. A grouse shooting of 3,600 acres in Forfarshire, which if well managed should yield 700 brace of birds, was also lately in the market, with capital trout fishing; the rent was named at £675, keepers' wages and taxes being paid by the laird.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

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GRAND NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETING AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS.



A DREAM OF CYPRUS.

## ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &amp;c.

If the ancient chronicles are to be believed the monks of old were not over particular as to indulging in secular frivolities, but I rather fancy the spirits of those who once held sway over the enclosure now known as the St. Lawrence Cricket Ground must have been rather disturbed during the past week by the gambols of multitudes of Canterbury pilgrims, of a class very different to those who many years since, as history tells us, wended their way in misery and woe to the shrine of that dictatorial old prelate, Thomas à Becket.

Scarcely need I tell my readers that this is but a retrospect invoked by the annual advent of the Canterbury Week, when the lovers of cricket from all portions of the United Kingdom journey down to the "garden of England" for a week's enjoyment of their popular game, which may be fairly looked upon as the pastime *par excellence* of Englishmen, who, wherever they may journey to, are certain to carry the bat, stumps, and ball, whether their resting-place be in the heart of India or the opposite climate of Iceland; indeed, I fancy that were a party of Britishers exiled to Siberia they would yet be caught on the sly engaging in an extemporised match.

Just thirty-six years ago this annual tournament was inaugurated for the purpose more especially of treating the natives of Kent to a series of displays by the crack amateurs and professionals of this Isle, but year by year the fixture has so increased in popularity that the Canterbury Week is looked forward to by every one having an interest in the game, whether actually able to attend at the meeting or to trust to the daily and other journals for a return of the doings.

On the present occasion the forty-eight hours which ushered out the preceding week were of such a character as to breed most miserable forebodings as to the weather that was to be, but these anticipations passed away like a dream, when on Monday it was discovered that that fickle old rascal Sol had squared Jupiter Pluvius to allow him the reins of government for a brief period.

Under these circumstances it is no wonder that the St. Lawrence Cricket Ground on Monday morning, when the bell rang out the players for the opening match, presented quite a flower garden appearance. Were I to attempt to give a list of those notabilities who were or were not on the ground I should require a *Court Journal* to myself, so I shall leave such particulars to those who especially delight in these statistics, and being far from a connoisseur in the toilets of the fair sex, who in that feature are as fickle as the weather, I shall content myself with stating that they looked as lovely and loveable as ever.

But my editor will be saying, "Why these vagaries, friend Exon?" and therefore I had better at once drop the snaffle for the curb, and proceed to the legitimate portion of my notes—viz., the programme of the week. Vain hopes had been expressed for some weeks past that the executive would open proceedings with a match, Kent *versus* the Australians, but this was not to be. Originally North *v.* South was the popular contest with which the bill of fare opened, but the powers that be have, to my mind, unwisely abandoned that match, and all kinds of amalgamations have been substituted. Last year a start was made with Kent (with W. G. Grace and A. W. Ridley given) against England, and a very poor affair it proved, so that yet another change was made, and I now have to commence with the details of a match, England *v.* Thirteen of Kent. Unequal odds are most unpopular with Britishers, and, therefore, I cannot but consider the innovation a bad one. An honourable defeat when eleven meet eleven, would, I am sure, be better welcomed by the general body of spectators than a victory gained simply through a superiority of numbers. Kent can find a very good team now, and as county claims this anniversary have weakened the England Eleven they might fairly have ventured an even-sided match.

Prominent as an absentee I first notice Mr. A. G. Steel, who has done such service for Cambridge this season, and then I look down the list in vain for those brothers who generally cause a panic in their enemies' camp—viz., the Lytteltons, who were engaged in supporting the claims of Worcestershire against M.C.C., whilst Messrs. Lucas and Hornby were both missed. At 12.20 the play commenced, Kent, who had lost the toss, having taken the field, whilst Messrs. A. J. Webbe and W. G. Grace occupied the wickets opposed to the bowling of Mr. A. Penn and T. Hearne. Mr. Webbe did not long remain, as after putting together 15 he played a ball clean into slip's hands, and Shrewsbury reigned in his stead. Both bowlers had now settled down, and runs came very slowly indeed, scarcely anything taking place for thirteen overs, but then the Gloucestershire pet lifted Hearne for four, and then almost immediately got him away to leg as far as the boundary line. Mr. Cunliffe now ought at short-leg to have got rid of the champion, as he missed an easy catch, but in the very next over the dangerous batsman had to retire, "c and b Hearne." Selby followed on, but the amateur was bowling so well that the batsmen could do nothing with him, although they hit Hearne about for some big ones, and as the score steadily rose, he was shunted for Mr. Cunliffe. Mr. Penn now apparently began to tire, and as both batsmen punished him, he three overs later on gave way to Mr. Tufnell, and now some good cricket all round was shown. Still the wickets remained intact, and the last-come was shelved for Mr. Foord-Kelcey, and yet the partnership could not be dissolved, and when the bell rang for luncheon at two o'clock, Shrewsbury had contributed 39 and Selby 32.

The cricketers must have been very hungry or the waiters very slow, as the interval lasted for a full hour, and then Hearne and Mr. A. Penn once more tried their luck with the leather. The professional's first ball settled the pretensions of Selby, who left with 1 b w to his name for a carefully played thirty-two. Dead on the wicket Mr. Penn bowled four consecutive maidens, but Mr. Ridley managed to get Hearne away for four. However, "George" had a sweet revenge directly afterwards when at short slip he accepted an offer from Shrewsbury, who thus went back to the pavilion after playing most patiently for his forty-three. Midwinter now came on, but did very little work ere he was bowled off his pads, and the Messrs. G. F. Grace and Ridley brought about a change in the bowling, Messrs. Cunliffe and Foord-Kelcey being deputed to act as their relief. The latter suffered from Mr. Grace, but the first ball he gave to Mr. Ridley, the batsman returned to him, and had to vacate the wicket for a well-deserved forty-one, the catch which got rid of him being very cleverly made. Flowers followed on, but soon lost his partner, and was joined by Wild, to, however, have himself to leave 1 b w, eight wickets for 190 runs. Wild, after one more run had been added, gave one of Mr. Cunliffe's as a chance to Hearne, and again the last-named was equal to the occasion, after which Morley joined Shaw, to be immediately afterwards bowled by Mr. Foord-Kelcey, the innings thus finishing at 4.44 p.m. for 192.

Twenty-five minutes later Messrs. Absolom and Mackinnon appeared at the wickets in opposition to Shaw and Morley. Badly did fortune favour the home team, as, after a single each, the batsmen were parted, Mr. Absolom retiring, bowled by Morley, and then Mr. F. Penn was loudly cheered as he walked across the ground to fill the vacancy, but he soon had to retrace his steps, an appeal at the wicket from Wild being fatal. Hearne now went in, and at last a stand was made, although runs came very slowly indeed, the light at

this time being bad, heavy clouds rolling up with the wind. Mr. W. G. Grace shortly relieved Morley, and after having bowled eight consecutive maidens Shaw was taken off in favour of Midwinter, who was in turn changed for Mr. Ridley shortly before time. Eventually, at 6.45 stumps were drawn, all the efforts of England being futile to cause a separation between the Kentish pair, Mr. McKinnon having made 28 and Hearne 19—two wickets down for 55.

At 11.35 on Tuesday the not outs of the previous day once more took the wickets, Morley and Shaw being deputed to handle the leather. No fewer than ten overs were bowled for a single run ere the batsman could get an opportunity, but once offered, the chance was accepted by Hearne, who got both bowlers away for 4 to square-leg, but at 76 he lost his partner, who was easily taken at point for a well-played 35. The advent of the popular Kentish captain, Lord Harris, was vigorously responded to by the company; in fact, throughout the whole match the spectators were rather too partial in their patronage of the home team, and the anticipation that a stand would be made was realised, as Ridley, W. G. Grace, Midwinter, Shaw, Morley, and G. F. Grace were all put on to bowl, but could not effect a separation, and when the luncheon-bell was rung at two o'clock the total was 189, of which Lord Harris had made 58 and Hearne 79.

Play was resumed at three o'clock, Morley and Shaw again being entrusted with the attack, but Hearne after 10 more runs had been added was run out for 83, gained by sterling good cricket during four hours' play. Mr. Yardley came in, but went away again almost immediately, being caught at the wicket, and the Hon. Ivo Bligh took his place. The captain still kept run-making, and W. G. Grace went on in lieu of Morley, his fourth over seeing the departure of the Honourable, who was caught at point for a rapidly compiled 16. Mr. Foord-Kelcey, who followed on, was soon busy, and he cut W. G. Grace to the ropes, and then drove him to the boundary, but almost immediately afterwards a smothered groan showed that something had occurred, and Lord Harris was seen leaving the wicket, caught and bowled Shaw, for 93, comprised of nine 4's, eight 3's, ten 2's, and singles, made by as fine a display of cricket as has ever been given at Canterbury. Fortune favoured England, as Mr. Foord-Kelcey followed him from the wicket, being caught by Wild, and Messrs. R. S. Jones and Cunliffe were now the defenders, but the Kentish fortresses now fell rapidly, and the innings closed for 294, the home county being thus 102 runs to the good. A collection was made for Hearne, and he received, at the hands of Lady Sondes, a purse containing some 20 sovs, besides becoming entitled to the talent money.

At ten past five W. G. Grace and Mr. A. J. Webbe took up their stations at the wicket in opposition to Hearne and Mr. A. Penn. Neither came off, as Webbe was caught when only six runs had been put together, and then Shrewsbury joined the champion, who did the principal portion of the work until he in turn was caught at cover-point for 14. Selby filled the vacancy, but followed the example of his predecessors, as he put one of F. Penn's into A. Penn's hands, three for 36. Mr. Ridley came to the rescue, but when seventeen more runs had been added he lost Shrewsbury, and being joined by Midwinter, the pair played out time, the full score being 97 for four wickets. Ridley not out, 34; Midwinter not out, 19.

Play was resumed on Wednesday at 11.40, Mr. Ridley and Midwinter reoccupying the wickets, whilst Messrs. Cunliffe and A. Penn trundled the leather. Very slowly did the runs come, and with the score at 113 Mr. Penn deposed Cunliffe at the Dover end and G. Hearne came on. Still but few runs were obtained, and eventually, after some tedious play, Hearne managed to lower Midwinter's wicket, the Anglo-Australian having put together a most painstaking contribution of 44. Mr. G. F. Grace joined his captain, but the latter almost at once put one up to Mr. Foord-Kelcey at point, and had to retire for a similar score as Midwinter's. Flowers followed on, but had only made a brace of singles, when he was put out of his misery, being caught at cover-point. Wild came in, made a single, and was then bowled by Hearne, his place being taken by Shaw. The latter was very busy for a time, but he soon had to depart as he lifted one to mid-off, and as Morley, the last man in, could only make one run before Mr. Grace was caught at long-off the second innings of England ended for 174 at 1.30.

With only 73 runs to get to win the home team sent in Messrs. Mackinnon and Absolom to the bowling of Shaw and W. G. Grace. Four overs only had been bowled for 8 runs when the luncheon bell rang, and an interval of fifty minutes took place. Upon recommencing, Grace was so punished that he was taken off, and Morley took his place, the change effecting the dismissal of Mr. Absolom, who was taken at the wicket. Mr. Yardley was next man in, but he did not stop long, being had at forward short-leg, Midwinter having deposed Shaw. Mr. Cunliffe had barely joined Mr. Mackinnon when the latter lifted one of Morley's to mid-off, which Mr. Ridley accepted—(three for 54). Mr. Frank Penn occupied the vacant wicket, and as he cut Midwinter for 3, the latter was taken off, and Shaw came on again. When the score had become a tie, W. G. took the ball at Morley's end, and Mr. Cunliffe stepping out to his first ball was cleverly stumped. With one run only to get the Hon. Ivo Bligh went in, and with a fine drive for 4 won the match for Kent by eight wickets. Score:—

## ALL ENGLAND.

1st inn.		2nd inn.	
Mr. W. G. Grace, c and b Hearne	21	c F., b A. Penn	14
Mr. A. J. Webbe, c Hearne, b A. Penn	9	c Jones, b Hearne	6
Shrewsbury, c Hearne, b A. Penn	43	b Cunliffe	20
Selby, 1 b w, b Hearne	32	c F., b A. Penn	4
Midwinter, b Hearne	7	b Hearne	44
Mr. A. W. Ridley, c and b Foord-Kelcey	47	c Foord-Kelcey, b A. Penn	44
Mr. G. F. Grace, c Hearne, b Cunliffe	25	c F., b A. Penn	25
Flowers, b Cunliffe	5	c Yardley, b A. Penn	2
F. Wild, c Hearne, b Cunliffe	2	b Hearne	1
A. Shaw, not out	0	c Absolom, b A. Penn	10
Morley, b Foord-Kelcey	0	not out	1
Byes	7	Leg-byes 2, w 1	3

Total ... 192

Total ... 174

## KENT.

Mr. F. A. Mackinnon, c W. G. Grace, b Morley	35	c Ridley, b Morley	17
Mr. C. A. Absolom, b Morley	1	c Wild, b Morley	29
Mr. F. Penn, c Wild, b Morley	4	not out	6
G. Hearne, run out	83	c Shrewsbury, b Morley	7
Mr. W. Yardley, c Wild, b Morley	6	not out	1
Lord Harris, c and b Shaw	91		
Hon. Ivo Bligh, c Ridley, b W. G. Grace	16		
Mr. W. Foord-Kelcey, c Wild, b W. G. Grace	8		
Mr. C. M. Cunliffe, c Wild, b W. G. Grace	10	st Wild, b W. G. Grace	5
Mr. R. S. Jones, c Ridley, b W. G. Grace	13		
Mr. C. F. Tufnell, c Wild, b Shaw	1		
I. Ingram, c Morley, b W. G. Grace	1		
Mr. A. Penn, not out	3		
Byes 13, 1-b 7	20	Byes 7, 1-b 1	8

Total ... 294

Total ... 73

The second match, M.C.C. *v.* Kent (12 a-side), was, after a recess, commenced at 4.45, Kent acting on the defence, and when stumps were drawn at a quarter to seven five wickets had fallen for 107 runs, out of which number Mr. F. Penn had contributed 51. Play was resumed on Thursday at 11.40, and only one more wicket had been taken up to 12.45, when the score stood 154 for six wickets, Mr. Foord-Kelcey and Hearne being well set. I shall discuss this match in detail next week.

On Monday the Worcester week was commenced, the county being opposed to M.C.C., and the following afternoon victory declared for the visitors by 124, mainly owing to the effective bowling of West, who in the first innings sent down twenty-five overs two balls for a dozen runs, sixteen maidens, and seven wickets. For M.C.C. the Rev. F. W. Wright was top scorer with 68, whilst for the county R. Pritchard's 36 was the highest contribution. On Wednesday the match versus Free Foresters was commenced, and at the time of going to press was not concluded. In their first innings Worcester made 302, the Hon. S. G. Lyttelton making 127 and Hon. R. H. 67.

The match Derbyshire *v.* Yorkshire on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday was productive of a most exciting contest, the former county only just winning on the pinch by 7 runs. Nothing extraordinary in scores took place on either side, T. Foster's 30 for Derby being the most made by any individual player.

Surrey *v.* Sussex at the Oval has been a very one-sided affair, the home team giving their opponents a most severe doing by nine wickets and 3 runs. Mr. H. Whitfield played well for the losers, making 64 and 7, being run out both times, whilst for Surrey, Jupp (98), Mr. W. Read (35), and Mr. J. Shuter (44) did yeoman's service. The last-named gentleman in his contribution made the unusual hits of one 7, one 6, two 5's, and three 4's.

The Australians have not been idle during the week. On Monday and Tuesday they played Twenty-two of Buxton and District, but the match ended in an unsatisfactory draw. On Wednesday they contested a one-days' match against Eighteen of Burnley and District, the result being a draw all against the Colonials.

On Monday, what is for some unknown reason described as the Press *v.* Jockeys match took place. The ink-slingers, with extraneous aid, managed to get the better of their opponents, but together, with several others, I should like to know what connection many of them have with the "fourth."

Running through my diary on Saturday last I all but became bereft of reason when I saw the number of athletic fixtures there jotted down for Bank Holiday. Not content with meetings from every corner of England there was even a time-honoured fixture from the Douglas, Isle of Man, Club. How I am to satisfy everyone I cannot in the world discover, and am almost persuaded to omit them all; however, that would displease my editor, and as his good wishes affect me most I shall make a bold plunge, and casually cast my eye over such athletic doings as I fancy most. Having been requested to act as referee at the Burghley Park C. C. sports, I made my way to Stamford on Monday, and there in a field kindly loaned by C. Handson, Esq., I found a company as brilliant as the most fastidious could desire. Glancing around I saw the noble owner of the title from which the club takes its name, several of the leading families, members of the local clergy, and last, but not least, a fair and numerous bevy of the fair sex.

Yet another glance brought to my view several of the prominent competitors, amongst whom I could see Lockton, the pet of the ladies and the L.A.C.; Macdougall, another Londoner famous for his starting propensity; "Sammy" Bestow, the hope of Nottingham; A. W. Smith, another of the London contingent, considered to be good goods for the open sprint *cum multis alus* representing all the principal Midland county clubs. How certainties were bowled over, and victors, as it were, dropped from the clouds, the usual sporting authorities will record. Suffice it for me to state that the meeting was a great success, the victorious competitors being C. L. Lockton, C. E. Green, and F. Gilbert, of the London division; whilst Coles, of Derby, who won the Mile with 85 yards; Pailthorpe, of Leicester, the successful competitor in the Bicycle Handicap; C. A. W. Gilbert, of Oxford University; A. W. Smith, L. and C. Banks, and Nelson, of Oakham, placed men, all performed well. Olney, another grand reunion, sacred to athletes as the birthplace of James Gibb, of the London A.C., was also as usual a most successful affair. For four years Gibb has taken the Olney Cup, but this year he had to put up with second place to F. Davis, Pershore, his impost at length being a too heavy one; James E. Dixon, another champion, secured the Walking Handicap; and the remaining events were divided between Warren, of Northampton; Strachan, of the L.A.C.; F. Payne, of Kettering; and T. Wheeler, of Banbury. Payne won both the Open Hurdles, but Carpenter, of Bedford, objects to him as a professional, and the prizes have been very properly withheld. Littlehampton, a nice Bank Holiday outing, was well patronised. G. F. Griffin, H. England, J. Potter, E. O. Freeman, H. D. Thomas, F. W. Robinson, and T. Mantell, all well-known athletes, came away with prizes, the London division being all powerful. Amongst other victors, however, I must not neglect to notice C. Davis, of the Oxford City A.C., who secured the Wide Jump with the fine leap of 19ft 3½in. Most valuable prizes were offered at Bedford, but the entries, strange to relate, were very poor. A most enjoyable day's sport was, however, shown, and again some well-known men were to the fore. J. Goodiffe, H.F.C., who has repeatedly run in London, took the two open sprints, but the local men, Phillips and Worrall, managed to keep the two mile prizes in the city. G. Adams, of Blenheim Park C.C., the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, won the Hurdles (by the by he generally enters as Bladon), and Mitchell, of the Calthorpe C.C. took the valuable 15 guineas cup in the Steeplechase. At Doncaster, Northampton, Blackley, Horsa-ham, Stoke-on-Trent, Newport (Monmouth), Chester, Spalding, Colville, Heywood, at heaps of other places meetings have been held, but space will not allow of my noticing them.

Eton and Windsor Regatta took place on Tuesday in the presence of a numerous company. Fouls appear to have been fashionable, and the sport therefore suffered. The umpires were—the Rev. Vernon (Oxford U.B.C.) and the Rev. Roland Errington (O.U.B.C.); judge, Mr. W. C. Wright. Result:—Junior Sculls—First Heat: J. Langridge, Eton Excelsior R.C., first; J. Hoole, North London R.C., second. Won on a foul. Second Heat: T. Scott, Windsor Albert R.C., first; A. B. Lewes, Maidenhead R.C., o; W. Downing, Pangbourne R.C., o. Won on a foul. Final Heat: Langridge, first; Scott, second. Won easily. The Ruthven Challenge Cup Fours.—Eton Excelsior R.C.—W. E. Herbert, G. Blazard, C. R. Pain, T. G. Dyson (stroke); Deller (cox.)—first. Windsor Albert R.C.—E. Davis, H. Hunt, H. Herbert, A. Powell (stroke); E. Cox (cox.)—second. Won by four lengths. Senior Pair-oared Race.—Thames R.C.—J. G. Jones and C. F. Russell—first. Albion R.C.—J. Heath and A. Edwards—second. Won by four lengths. The Challenge Cup Fours.—Albion R.C.—C. F. Munro, J. Heath, A. Edwards, F. Christian (stroke); C. W. D. Bibby (cox.)—first. Thames R.C.—W. Hughes, F. Cantor, W. Page, A. L. Bedwell (stroke); C. A. Safford (cox.)—second. Won by a yard. Senior sculls.—E. G. Robinson, Albion R.C., first; C. F. Russell, Thames R.C., second. Won easily. Scratch In-rigged Gig Race.—Vaughan and Puttick (who finished second) were adjudged the winners, Dugdale and Hughes (who came in first) being disqualified.

On Saturday last the members of the London Athletic Club paid a visit to the Welsh Harp, Hendon, for the purpose of holding their annual swimming fête in host Warner's well-known lake. The heavy rains had caused that sheet of water to be far from in a palatable state for swimmers, but nevertheless some good sport was shown. Mr. W. Lyons O'Malley was wonder-

fully successful in his handicapping, whilst the committee as usual were most efficient and attentive. The champion, Horace Davenport, could not find anyone with the temerity to throw down the gauntlet to him in the Half Mile Members' Challenge Cup, but then a rare field turned out for the 100 Yards' Handicap, open to certain other clubs. How the first heat was won by this or the others by that swimmer I cannot spare space to state, but the final was worth seeing. R. S. Creton, of the Otter S.C., 13sec, proved the victor, but only by half a yard from S. Willis, of the same society, who had 7sec; time, 1min 33 3-5sec; and then in the Open Quarter, F. Brumlen, Surrey S.C., 40sec start, swam past the post only a foot in advance of E. L. Cleaver, Otter S.C., 93sec, the crack, H. Davenport, who was scratch man, being close up fourth. Nine went for the Open 300 Yards' Handicap, and this J. Bachmayr, Ilex S.C., 24sec, won by four yards from the scratch man, "Charley" L. O'Malley, not the bold dragoon of Lever, but a very brave swimmer withal, after which proceedings wound up with a Plunging Handicap, secured by A. Inderwick of the London A.C.

The South Coast Amateur Championship was contested for on Friday last at Brighton, and a native, named Moore, won very easily, the distance being a mile. Nine others started, but were only spectators, Moore's nearest opponent being 70sec in the rear.

At the Portsmouth Annual Festival on Bank Holiday representatives from the "Little Village" were in great form. E. C. Daniels, of the North London S.C., won the 500 Yards Race and 100 Yards Back Race; G. Bettinson, of the same club, took the 100 Yards; whilst Barron, of the Otter; W. Avery, of the West London; G. Dunmore, of the Alliance; and A. France, of the Alliance, all got placed.

To-day (Saturday) the annual race for the Amateur Championship of Great Britain at a mile takes place. I have not received any intelligence of what is going on, but I hear that the Crystal Palace Lake is definitely fixed up, and that the committee of the association have made some unwarrantable changes in the conditions, but of this anon. The entries, I believe, are as follows:—H. Davenport, Ilex S.C., holder; J. Whittle, N.L.S.C.; D. Ainsworth, S.S.C.; E. Daniels, N.L.S.C.; G. Fearn, D.S.C.; W. R. Ifter, Regent S.C.; F. A. Luckarift, Jersey S.C.; J. P. Taylor, Newcastle S.C.; and J. Trudgeon, E.L.S.C.

A great deal of paper warfare has been going on with respect to this said championship race. The cup was originally given to be swam over a fair course in swimming-drawers, and undoubtedly the best place other than the Thames, which being tidal is not fair, would be Hendon Lake. In direct opposition to the wishes of two of the most prominent candidates—the holder, Mr. Davenport, and Mr. J. Whittle, second of last year—the association committee held a packed meeting, and resolved that the race should be swam in costume at the Crystal Palace. Now, the committee of the Association have no right to do this; the cup is not their property at all, in fact, two-thirds of it belong to Mr. Davenport, and, in the second place, it was given under certain conditions which cannot be rescinded. Had Mr. Davenport resolved to enforce his claim to swim in a fair lake, and with drawers (indeed he may do so yet at the eleventh hour) he would have the support of all fair dealers, and if the committee proved stubborn he would gain his redress in any court of law. I shall have, I do not doubt, more to say on this question next week.

EXON.

#### SALE OF THE SANDGATE YEARLINGS.

The sale of the above yearlings took place on Saturday last. Appended will be found the prices realised:—	
B f by Vulcan, dam by North Lincoln mare out of Queen of the Vale, by King Tom	55
B c by Cathedral out of Melodious (dam of Paganini)	25
B f by Pretender out of Bell Heather, by Stockwell	40
B f by Orest—Germania, by Wild Dayrell	230
B c by Siderolite out of Barcelona, by Thormanby	35
Ch c by Adventurer out of Armistice, by Ratanap	250
B c by Knight of the Garter out of Themis, by Lord Lyon	150
Ch c by Parmesan out of Cherwell, by Oxford	300
Ch f by Kingcraft—Chataleine, by Cambuscan	200
B c (brother to Plebeian) by Joskin out of Queen Elizabeth, by Autocrat	280
Ch f by The Rake out of Mantilla, by King of Trumps	100
Ch f by Adventurer out of Cilianthus, by Stockwell	280
B c by Mandrake out of Chillianwallah, by Newminster	60
B f by Doncaster out of Fairy Footstep, by Newminster	60
B c (brother to Ragman) by Friponnier out of Sphinx, by Newminster	400
B f by The Rake out of Bonnie Katie, by King of Trumps	160
Ch c by Adventurer out of Cantiniere, by Stockwell	660
B f by Young Melbourne out of Adrastia, by St. Albans	65
B c by Mandrake out of Curfew Bell, by Newminster	250
Ch c by Hermit—Post Haste, by Stockwell	640
B c by Victorious out of Wild Roe, by Wild Dayrell	135
B c by Siderolite out of Fog, by Macaroni	90
B c by Cathedral out of Jolie, her dam, Harp, by Kremlin	100
Ch f by Macaroni out of Queen of Scots, by Blair Athol	105
Ch c by Paganini out of Soulool, by Stockwell	110
B c by King of the Forest out of Helena, by Gemma di Verge	150
B c by Favonius out of Lucretia, by Voltigeur	300
B c by Queen's Messenger out of Reaction, by King Tom	50
B c by The Palmer—Popgun, by Ellington	170
B f by Rosicrucian out of Lucy Hylda, by Stockwell	100
B f by Pretender out of Lady Flora, by Stockwell	50
B f by Holy Friar out of Bel Esperanza, by Van Galen	70
B c by Paganini out of Miss Glasgow, by Young Melbourne	40
B c by Macgregor out of Etoile du Nord, by Touchstone	45
Ch f by Idus out of Dame School, by Stockwell	20
Total	5925
BROOD MARES.	Gs.
Albania (1875), by St. Albans out of Cantie, by Orlando; covered by Paganini	110
Forfeit (1875), by Siderolite out of Ransom, by St. Albans; not covered	25
STALLION.	
Priestcraft (1866), by Newminster out of Woodcraft (dam of Kingcraft)	25

**HOT WEATHER.**—To all persons leaving home for change, relaxation, &c., or for those who from any cause are fatigued, weary, or worn-out, or any whose duties require them to undergo mental or unnatural excitement or strain, errors of eating or drinking, &c., use Eno's Fruit Salt. It is health-giving, pleasant, cooling, refreshing, invigorating, and invaluable. "I have used your Fruit Salt for many years, and have verified the statement that it is not only refreshing and invigorating, but also invaluable as giving speedy relief in cases of heartburn, sourness of the stomach, and constipation and its great evils. The thanks of the public are due to you for your unceasing efforts to relieve suffering humanity. Long may you live to be a blessing to the world.—B. Hurst, Ph.D., Vicar of Collierly, St. Thomas Vicarage, Armfield Plain, Lintz Green, Durham, March, 1878."—Sold by all chemists, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.—[Adv't.]

**PERFECTION.**—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER is offered to the Public with full confidence in its merits. Testimonials of the most flattering character have been received from every part of the World. Over Forty Years the favorite and never failing Preparation to Restore Grey Hair to its Youthful Colour and Lustrous Beauty, requiring only a few applications to secure new and luxuriant growth. The soft and silky texture of healthy hair follows its use. That most objectionable and destructive element to the hair, called Dandruff, is quickly and permanently removed. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.—[Adv't.]

#### TURFIANA.

If the yearling sale at Sandgate cannot be described as such a success as last year's, Mr. Gibson may console himself by the reflection that he is at any rate no worse off than those of his brother breeders who made lamentation over their fate at Newmarket. It is true that the weather was somewhat against a large attendance, but a thunderstorm does not usually keep away those who mean business, and we never recollect so sparse an attendance of trainers round the ring. Newmarket was virtually unrepresented, and Bates was the only Northerner who put in an appearance. John Day made no sign, and William Goater, Captain Machell, and Mr. Eyke were the only bidders who kept things going at all. For the appearance of the Stanton breeder so far south few were prepared, but there is always sure to be some chaff when he comes upon the scene, and at any rate he helped to enliven proceedings, which began to flag at times. The London special brought down a very limited contingent, but there was plenty of company in the luncheon-tent, where we sat down to one of the "neatest things" of the season, and certainly it was from no lack of toothsome food and generous liquor that things looked dismal in the ring outside. And yet the yearlings were far superior as a lot to those which last year fetched an average of nearly 300 guineas, and there is nothing to account for only half that average being realised, save the "hardness of the times," which, strange to say, has made itself apparent since things political have taken a turn for the better. Alice Lorraine's sister is small and light, but she ran up to 230 guineas, and, like many more racing-like yearlings from the Sandgate lot, went "up the hill," as Mr. Tattersall described it, to the Findon stable. The Armistice filly was well sold at 20 guineas more, and then Goater got in again with the Themis colt and Chataleine filly, the latter one of the very nicest youngsters in the collection, if not very large. Captain Machell's first love was a very sweet-looking colt by Parmesan out of Coventry's dam, quite a picture of neatness and quality; but the brother to Plebeian was voted pudgy and wicked-looking, and we did not envy Mr. Milner his bargain. Far better goods was the Mantilla filly, which Mr. Western could not resist, and if she does not succeed in carrying his colours to the fore on many occasions, she is worth every farthing of the 190 gs. as a brood mare. Goater would have had to give more for the Clianthus filly, if a surfeit had not spoiled her looks, and we preferred her to the supposed crack of the yard, a very handsome Friponnier colt, which some good judges thought rather a "flatcatcher," but he was good-looking enough for anything, and he goes in a "western" direction. The Bonnie Katie filly went within her value to Captain Machell, who could not resist the Cantiniere colt, a vastly improved yearling, and the highest priced one of the day. Of the two Mandrakes that out of Curfew Bell, fetched almost five times the price of the Chillianwallah colt, and both were useful horses, but we liked the Hermit colt as well as anything, though a trifle "pinched in" behind, and doubtless our William "up the hill" will make something of him. A nice Victorious colt went cheap to Captain Machell, and Goater's next purchase was a rather neat King of the Forest colt out of Miasma's dam; but the bargain of the sale to our fancy was the Favonius colt, which, as a good judge remarked, might be anything, though his chance of growing into something out of the common seems to us to be a really good one. Bates took the thickest Popgun colt, and Bates a pretty Pretender filly, but the rest realised only poor prices, and people might well hasten away without a peep at Rosicrucian and Paganini, and try to get home between the showers. Next year the young Rosicrucians will predominate and we can only wish Mr. Gibson a more "rosy" time of it, as, after starting so well, it is hard lines to experience a "backwardation."

Mr. Freeman, of Bath, who sold at Doncaster for the first time last year, will again send his yearlings northwards, fifteen in all, and mostly by sires other than those which occupy the stallion boxes at Newbridge Hill. The fillies, as in most yearling lots this season, outnumber the colts, and are most of them bred to suit the prevailing tastes of the day. Rosicrucian's daughter is out of Persicaria, a nice Lord Clifden mare, and Kingcraft is represented by a filly out of Aerial Lady, quite one of the right sort, and well worthy of her engagement in the Oaks. There are also a couple of Prince Charlies, from Sea Breeze and Devotion respectively, and both looking like business, while the Antelope filly is bred after the fashion of Macgregor by a Sweetmeat horse out of a Fallow Buck mare, and is sure to win races. After the doings of Philippina, the Albert Victor filly is quite certain to find admirers, and there are also a couple of Asteroids and a quick-looking daughter of Paganini (or Claudius) out of Ethel. The colts comprise a bay by King Lud out of a Macaroni mare, partaking of the character of the last-named sire; a brown by Pero Gomez out of Blackbird (dam of Herzegovina); and a brown colt by Lecturer from Simla by The Nabob, a combination of rare and valuable blood. The General Peel colt is also out of a mare by Macaroni from St. Christophe's dam, and is one of the "regulation" Melbourne type, and last on the list come colts by Asteroid out of H.M.E., and by Orest from Miss Ahna, by Blair Athol, so that there is no lack of variety, and most of the yearlings will be found of good size and in capital condition. Mr. Freeman intends to dispose of his lot without reserve, and doubtless this is the best and wisest course, as buyers will come again and again when they know the sale is to be a genuine one, and, after all, little or nothing is gained by the hanky-panky business in connection with sales of bloodstock.

We must not linger long over the last two day's sport at Goodwood, where backers seem to have had a fair time of it, for once in a way; but the fields were hardly in proportion to the imposing list of "horses arrived," and none of the "cups" attracted their usually large levies to the post. As regards costumes, and public attendance, the Cup day was as gorgeous as ever, and it is consoling to find racegoers willing to eat, drink, and be merry, and to thoroughly enjoy their day's outing, without caring very much about either the racing or the betting. After Rylstone had walked over for the Twenty-sixth Bentinck Memorial and Eau de Vie had upset Priscillian in the Twenty-seventh "of that ilk," a limited field came out for the Chichester Stakes, and the odds freely laid on Lollypop were never in doubt, and though Faisan and Strathavon were the runners-up, they only held these positions on sufferance, so completely did the big chestnut spread-eagle his field. A Selling Stakes preceded the Cup, Captain Machell running first and second with Blonde and Princess Catherine, of which the former was secured by Lord Rosebery for 610 guineas, and verily Speculum is having a rare season of it with representatives of all ages. Meanwhile, the slaughter of the innocents had commenced, Vernueil, Lord Clive, and Hampton being all snuffed out in the fatal hour preceding the race, which brought out only three runners, of which Pageant looked so well that the gelding stood his ground staunchly to the last, Lady Golightly being strongly supported by the bold Archerites and the followers of Heath House, while Kincesm had good friends among many who took stock of her at the saddling levée. How she won is now a matter of history, but how she might have won with Cannon or Archer up it is most difficult to conjecture, Madden riding her in rather butcher-like fashion after she had the race well in hand. 'Tis a pity we are not likely to see her again in this country, where she must take high rank with the many other foreign

strangers which have sought after and attained distinction in the Goodwood Cup. Mr. Cartwright, who was in great force during the meeting with his home-bred ones, took the Visitor's Plate with Caerai, which also secured the Zealand Stakes from Victoria filly, and Cambuscan again reaped honours with his Honey Bee colt in the Molecomb, to the dismay of those who had been dazzled with Radiancy, and the pair had the race quite to themselves. It was a brave sight to see Trappist cut down Dalham, Lollypop, and Co in the Singleton Stakes, and Lord Falmouth followed up his turn in the wheel of Fortune, by beating Zut with Charibert (quite the last of the Thormanbys) and dividing honours with Jessie Agnes in the Twenty-eight Bentinck Memorial with Muley Edris. We got early to work on Friday, when Trappist had to cry enough to Eccossais, Strathavon, and Caramel in the Duke of Richmond's Plate, and the white jacket of the Phantom Cottage trainer again showed prominently in the Nursery Stakes on Japonica. Quality was well represented in the Chesterfield Cup, in which Midlothian rivalled the Croagh Patrick coup, Rylstone and The Callant being his immediate attendants, and the duke's sideboard was thus enriched by two of the handsomest racing trophies of the year by the aid of the hero of doubtful parentage, and it is quite clear that the "heart of Midlothian" is in the right place. Parsimony walked over for the March Stakes, but later on she had to knock under to Miriam and Remorse in a Selling Stakes, the long-lost Beaufort hoops shining gloriously as ever on the aptly named Miriam, who subsequently cost Mr. Vyner as many guineas as there are days in the year. The Goodwood Corinthian Plate went northwards by the aid of Deacon, and lastly the odds laid on Clementine for the Nassau Stakes were rudely upset by Eau de Vie, by whose aid and that of Caerai, Marsyas reaped posthumous honours, and Mr. Cartwright must wish he were still in the flesh to fill his stable with Derby winners and others of a right useful stamp. Altogether, the meeting must be described as fully equal to its traditional glories, though the cry is still for "added money" to some of the minor events in the programme.

Brighton was a worthy continuation of Goodwood, and the weather, for a wonder, behaved gloriously, so that a very large assemblage witnessed Tuesday's proceedings, though the punters began badly, backing Little Harry and Euxine in preference to Lord Byron, the winner of the Bristol Plate. A host of sprinting talent contested the Marine Stakes, won by Dunmow from Preciosa and King David, and then Ventnor scored his fifth successive victory in the Patcham Stakes, and was bought in for 440 guineas. As usual an outsider won the Brighton Stakes, but very few even of his best friends had more than the merest trifle on Don Carlos, Shillelagh and Rhidorroch occupying the position of favourites. Little Duck has proved a useful purchase to Robert Peck, but he had to pay 660 guineas for his "retaining fee" in the Cliftonville Stakes, which she won from Ryegrass and Lantern Fly, a couple of useful horses; but Plevna, after her success in the Selling Welter Handicap was claimed for 235 guineas, and Mr. Gee's hitherto unlucky colours were to the fore on White Poppy in the Corporation Stakes, R. von d'Or being unable to present the young Winslow with 10lb, and the winner is the first of Formosa's stock which have shown anything above plating form. On Wednesday the Ovingdean Plate was secured by Kaleidoscope, and the Bevedean Stakes by the outsider Shamrock, while Faisan and Saga colt both got before the favourite, Fiddlestring, in the Hamilton Stakes, and Ventnor did the Machell colours another good turn in the Pavilion Stakes, and was bought in as usual. Pageant took the Brighton Cup, which brought out a field of six, only Rhidorroch and Julius Caesar having the slightest chance with the old gelding; and the Saratoga colt at last managed to land Lord Freddy's colours in the Maiden Stakes, but his opponents were not a very rosy lot. Alfriston beat White and Blue and Gun Barrel in the Juvenile Selling Stakes, and was bought in for 115 guineas; and Placida cut down Amice and Grace in the Grand Stand Plate quite in her old style, and she should be busy in high-class short cuts next year, if she trains on.

Egham and Windsor in the south and Redcar in the north will divide the attention of the racing circuit next week; and in the Runnymede Stakes Philippina, albeit she has some clever cattle to meet in Whackum, Tragedy colt, Sneinton, St. Augustine, Turtle Dove, and Colorado, is hardly like to have her flag lowered as yet, and Mr. Barclay's filly may also place the Baron's Stakes to her owner's credit. At Windsor there is a large entry for the Park Stakes, Frivolity, Cantorian, Leghorn, Squeaker, Japonica, Conquistador, St. Augustine, Turtle Dove, and Flavius being engaged, and as the allowances are accumulative, Flavius may be equal to the task of beating his penalised opponents; and the Clewer Stakes showing a similar entry, the race may safely be put on one side until after the decision of the first day's encounter. Redcar has made way very rapidly since its establishment a few years ago, and we shall probably be introduced to some of the crack two-year-olds of the north at this pleasant little seaside gathering. The Kirkleatham Biennial Stakes may attract Lartington, Coromandel II., and perhaps Massena, of the public performers, while among the dark division are Reconciliation, Blackthorn, Maccaronea, and others of good private reputations, and we shall split our vote between the Malton fillies, Reconciliation and Maccaronea. The Wilton Plate has the latter also engaged, along with some fair public performers, of which the best may be found in Massena and Lartington; and the Kirkleatham Biennial for three-year-olds is at the mercy of Beauclerc, should it be decided to "take a feeler" with Mr. Perkins's horse before the St. Leger, while in his probable absence, Bryonia and Necklace look like holding all the rest safe.

The St. Leger betting has been noticeable for the retrogression of Jannette, but we do not despair of seeing her delivered fit and well at the St. Leger post, and it may be that she will be none the worse for her enforced withdrawal from the Sussex and Nassau Stakes at Goodwood.

SKYLARK.

#### SKETCHES FROM THE LAWN AT GOODWOOD.

WITH Goodwood the aristocratic racing season ends. Thither or to the contiguous South Coast watering places flock the whole of the *beau monde* for the race week to have, as it were, a general gathering of forces before they betake themselves to the Continent, or to their country houses, or—anywhere but London. Considering that the faces we meet at Goodwood are the same that we have met at every fashionable *réunion* since the season began one cannot help being surprised at the remarkable freshness of the beauty here assembled. When we remember that for months past there has been an unceasing round of gaiety, it would not be surprising if the female face divine betrayed some sign of weariness or exhaustion, but *au contraire* we cannot remember ever being so impressed with the beauty of our countrywomen as we were on the "Lawn" last week. Of course we know that there are those who will say that, like the great houses to which they belong, they have been improved by a coat of paint. We can only say that if this were the case on the occasion of the recent gathering, the material used was remarkably fresh paint.

SEA-BATHERS and all exposed to the sun and dust should use ROWLANDS' KALYDOR for dispersing all tan, sunburn, and freckles, and effectually beautifying the complexion; ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL, for preserving the hair and obviating all the baneful effects of salt water, sun, and dust on it; and ROWLANDS' ODONTO, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums. Ask any Chemist for Rowlands' articles.—[Adv't.]

HIGHLAND AND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S  
SHOW, DUMFRIES.

THE "Queen of the South," as Dumfries has been fancifully called, dispensed her shelter and hospitality to the Highland and Agricultural Society, while holding their 51st general exhibition of live stock and implements. The site chosen for the show was the farm of Rotchell, the use of which was granted by the proprietor, Mr. Walter Scott, of Broomlands. For suitability and convenience, a better could not be found; the sheds and stands being erected on a field of over 60 acres, covered with a fine close sod as level as a bowling green. The surrounding scenery was of the most picturesque description, hill and dale being covered with fields of golden grain, ready for the reaper, and at every turn associated with the poet-idol of the Scottish peasant, especially the agricultural class, the immortal Robbie Burns, whose dust lies beneath the sod of St. Michael's Churchyard, with that of his "bonnie Jean." The gathering brought together by this exhibition would have afforded fit subject for the pen of such keen observers of human nature and its foibles as Burns showed himself to be. Here we have the lord with his lady gay, and the farmer bold in all his glory, for to him it (in most cases) meant money, either immediate or in perspective; his wife and daughters seemed in doubt which to most admire—his fine fat kine or the savoury produce of their own hands in the form of butter and cheese. Commercial men, money-lenders, speculators, and men of the genus smart, helped to swell the human tide which ebbed and flowed between the rows of sheds and stands, fashion and beauty being well represented—particularly on the first and second days—as they decked the grand stand to witness the leaping of hunters or gathered in knots around some noted prize-taker. The several classes of animals were well represented, particularly the Galloway and Ayrshire cows, draught horses, and sheep. Dairy produce and cows were also well up. A reference to the illustration will give some idea of the more prominent exhibits, such as "Cow-bonnie," the prize Ayrshire cow, a beautifully proportioned little animal, with a neat well-set head and grand milk-vessel. "Patchwork," the champion hunter, was a show himself, having a very taking appearance in general, with good sound qualities, which were made the most of by "George," the groom, who had many calls to show his action, to which he cheerfully responded. Amongst bulls, Borland won the red ticket; he is a grand specimen of his class, and likely to carry first honours for a long time. The Westhighland short-horns, sheep, and porkers are also shown. Sunshine II. (first prize) polled Angus, heifer, one of the finest animals in the show of its class. Being in good condition, it showed up the peculiar points of this fine breed to great advantage.

Amongst the fowls, Cochins, ducks, Spanish, and geese were well represented. The extensive show shed of dairy produce was thronged during the day by a large and interested crowd of spectators. The true farmer type was here to be seen, accompanied by his "missus" or some of the "lasses," going around the benches with critical eye, and occasionally taking a "bit pick, jist to see hoo it tastes, ye ken," and also, no doubt, to test the decision of the judges. The tasting process was in some cases conducted by the aid of the finger-nail or penknife; others took their "pick" with a six-

pence. This proceeding, as may well be supposed, made the specimens of lump and well filled crocks grow small by degrees. An old lady being interdicted in this department while sampling out picks on a crooked sixpence to a number of friends, the officer said, "It's my orders to allow no one to touch, so please don't," she exclaimed bitterly, "It's a queer thing folk canna touch butter o' their own makin'"; another remarking,



M. CAPOUL AS "PAUL."

"It's nothing like when we were young, Rubbert." The gentleman farmer's daughter was here from some southern boarding school, with all her little airs, followed or accompanied by admiring swains, whose ways were as soft as the saffron-coloured butter on which they gazed. The splendid weather brought many distinguished visitors, whose costumes were both striking and picturesque, the garb of

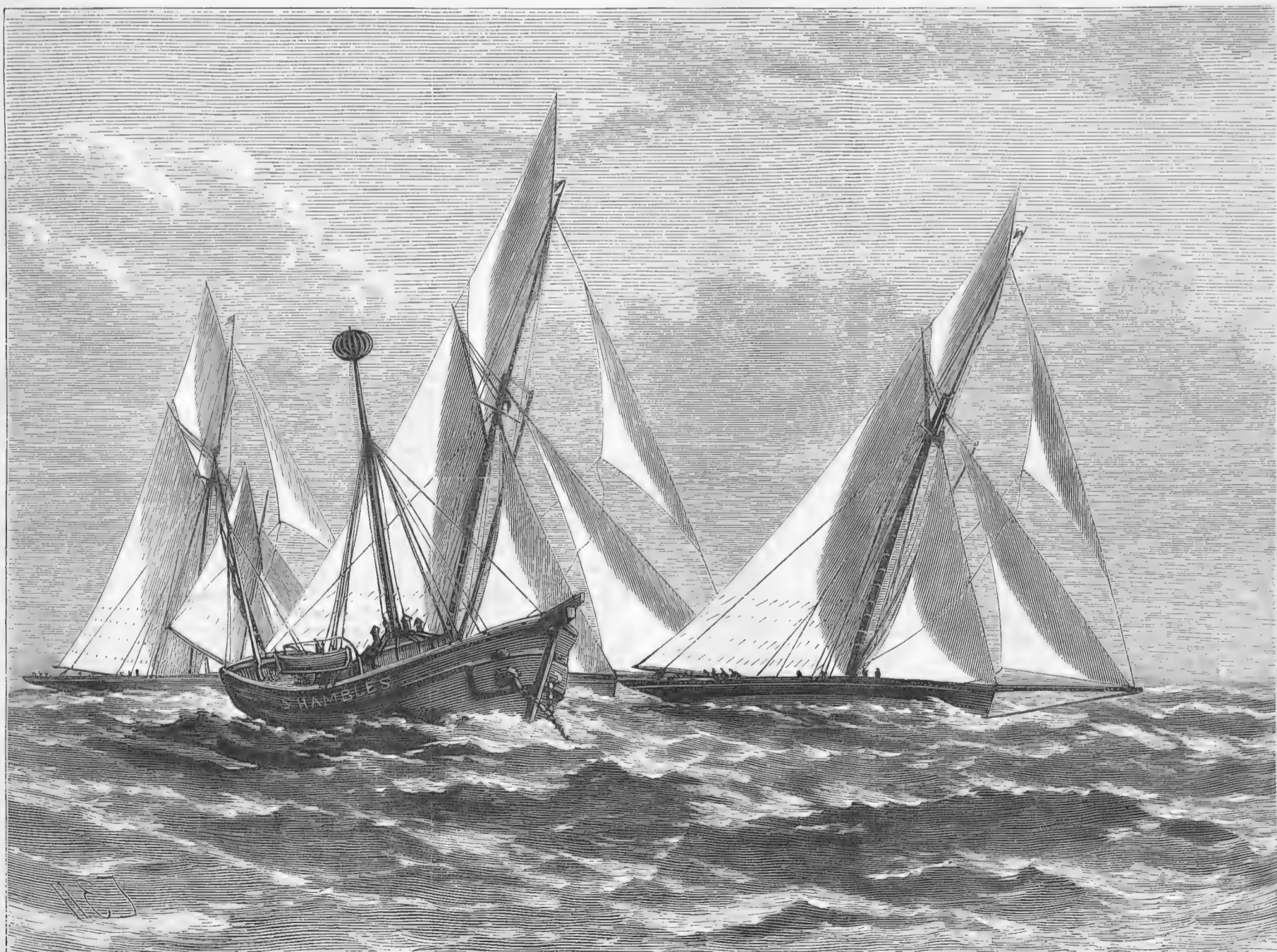
old Gaul being sported by some, and as the glass registered 130° in the sun, the preference for this cooling costume can be easily explained, as was the run on the iced drinks at the refreshment bars, but as a rule the farmer likes the national beverage without being christened. Over their drams they crack jokes and make bargains. Emulation is a quality not at all foreign to the farmer's nature. I overheard one congratulate another on his luck in obtaining such a handsome prize as £20. "The mony's no bad," he replied, "but the bull deserved it; but its no that a'thegether; a'm *prood* that a've *licket* the Duke."

W. A. D.

THE Simla correspondent of a mofussil paper, writing on July 5th, says:—"Lord William Beresford has figured rather prominently in our local history of the last week. First of all, by reversing the feat of Johnny Cope, renowned in story, and then by riding a very ill-educated brute at the Gymkhana sports, who plunged into a hurdle, and falling, rolled over his rider, but happily let him off with some bad bruises and a broken nose. Perhaps nothing Lord William has ever done in Simla became him like the leaving it. Learning by the mail of Sunday week that officers were much wanted for the Cape, in two hours he elected for the front, and by Monday evening had torn himself from weeping Nexera, and taking with him a stout heart and a tooth-brush, was fairly on his way to Caffre land, intending to travel with the homeward mail to Bombay, and at Aden to catch the monthly steamer for Zanzibar. But it was not to be. During Monday Colonel Colley ascertained by telegraph from the War Office that things at the Cape were fast settling down, and this flashed to Lord William at Umballa; the prodigal returned to Simla and its many mourners, almost as rapidly as he had left them. The precise secret of some men's popularity is hard to fathom—no doubt we meet fewer Irish gentlemen, than jintlemen from Oireland—but I certainly never saw a fellow leave a place before amid so many expressions of unmistakable regret as followed 'Our William' in his flight. I said the other day that the really good horsemen at our weekly sports were in a minority. The way in which some of them ride their ponies out at the turns, and on to the jumps, makes it a marvel that 'wigs on the green' are so few. Heels are a bad substitute for heads as a rule. And though 'look before you leap' may be too homely advice for a rider, he might surely allow some option to his horse."

DEATH OF MR. T. PERCIVAL.—The announcement of the sale by Messrs. Tattersall of "the late Mr. Percival's hunting stud at Wansford" will probably have been to many, as it was to us, the first intimation of the death of "Tom Percival," a name for so long familiar as a household word in the mouths of sportsmen. Mr. Percival died at the Haycock, Wansford, Northamptonshire, at the age of 64, and his loss will be sincerely regretted by every sportsman (and their name is legion) with whom he came into contract. He was a keen lover of sport, and had ever a kindly welcome for a brother sportsman, as none who have sat under his hospitable roof need to be told. His stud, consisting of about eight valuable hunters, will be sold by Messrs. Tattersall in September. The business, we believe, will still be carried on by his executors.

His American trip has so benefited Mr. Santley that he has returned to London restored to health.



ROYAL DORSET YACHT CLUB REGATTA AT WEYMOUTH.—THE LEADING YACHTS AT THE SHAMBLES L.V.

## OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

I HAVE often heard outcry made about the shocking indelicacy of the French in their bathing, and was rather amused on this account at the shock received by a friend of mine and native of France when I showed him the bathing at Margate. In France they wear pretty costumes, which are so made as to at least partially conceal the person, and meet in the water as they would in a ball-room or garden. In Margate I notice that attention to dress is not very stringent, anything will do; for a lady, in fact, makes shift with an old night-dress if she have nothing better. Her gentlemen friends will wear a covering that would bring the blush to the cheek of a Bosjesman. They will meet in some two feet deep of water, and there dip down in a melancholy manner. I was passing out to my bathing-machine the other morning, musing on these matters, when I heard two little water-witches chatting to each other about the programme for the day. They talked of the delights of the Hall-by-the-Sea, and the baby Pumas that had just made their appearances in one of the cages of the zoological establishment at that temple of entertainments. They spoke of various other places, but for choice it appeared they both came to the conclusion that the afternoon tea at the Skating Rink was the most satisfying of Margate's head amusements. I had not yet visited the Rink, and as these ladies made up their minds to go to the tea that afternoon, I made up my mind to go and see if they looked as quaint rinking as they did bathing. I found by a placard on an old gentleman's sandwich-board that every Wednesday a select concert was given for the especial delectation of the



children, followed by a dance and tea. I was glad to learn that some of the youthful sojourners by the sea were thought of in matters of amusement of a select character, for I must say I was rather distressed to see so many of the little pets huddled together on the sand, listening to and chorusing the blatant vulgarity and coarseness of the "niggers" in their "comic" songs, the nasty intentions of which the little dears are happily ignorant of. The Rink at Margate has seen much tribulation through fire and flood. During a storm (the picture of which, culled from the *Police News*, is the pride and admiration of every hotel and tavern in the town), the passage from the town to the Rink was swept away. Some shrewd constructor, engaged to right matters, has judiciously made the new entrance away in the suburbs of Margate, and on, I should think, one of the highest points in that part of the country. This necessitates a staircase of considerable length, so that to get to the actual place of entertainment you have to take a walk away from it up a tortuous and hilly path, then go down one of the steepest staircases on record (I should think), then back along a sea wall until you arrive at the entrance. This work is good exercise but not much fun, and I fancy must do the place immense injury with those who would wish to frequent it. This episode of last year's storm is not the only nautical calamity the place has had to put up with. On another occasion its vast iron roof was carried out to sea by an obliging Zephyr. Then, having recovered from these dampers a portion of it was discovered to be on fire one Sunday morning. Notwithstanding these little drawbacks, the place continues to amuse its patrons. It is under

the management of Mr. Walter Searle and Mr. W. F. Knight. (When I got into the building the concert was almost over; I suppose it had just commenced when I was leaving the Rink to get into it.) I was in time to hear the warblings of Juleem, who



A Chief Patron of Talent

is a very clever impersonator of German characters—a man that I fancy would do well in the class of drama made popular by Williamson and Emmett. The children, and there were plenty of them, seemed to be enjoying their little selves vastly, but their

Bindely—who is the chief concert lady at the Rink—with an amount of vigour that makes his friends and relatives supicious as to the custody of his heart. Mr. Knight acted as M.C. for the children, and seemed quite a favourite amongst them all. He



Good Knight

seems to be one of those fortunate individuals whom nature has blessed with a round, and unangular appearance and soft temper that, combined with easy tenderness, is so attractive to children. I always envy men of this kind, for though intensely fond of



real enjoyment commenced when the dancing and skating set in. I got a sketch of one young gentleman, who, I was told, is a regular and enthusiastic patron of the histrionic efforts of the company, and that he applauds and braves the efforts of Baby

children, my own angularity of person and temper causes their affection or company to be a rare luxury. The Lilliputian ball went on gloriously, so did rinking, until all, fairly exhausted, sought the refreshing afternoon tea.

## A DREAM OF CYPRUS.

AFTER my day's work, at home, in the garden. The sunshine is oppressively hot, the shelter of the green leaves is languidly enjoyed, the air is all tender softness and perfume; and in the western sky reign gloriously gorgeous hues of sunset, where clouds rest heavily in long, low lines of purple and grey, looking in the pale sea-green like islands in the ocean, or, rising slowly, glide from one vauge shape to another, taking forms from the imagination, ever fresh and changeable.

The evening's papers, through which I have been indolently glancing, are all about Cyprus. The sweet low voice of the gently caressing Zephyr takes up their theme, and whispers stories of ancient Cyprus—stories so voluptuous and strange that now-a-days we dare speak of them only in whispers. The clouds, painted with rainbow hues, give dreamy pictures of enchanted groves and marble temples, of gods and goddesses, and vast armies of Ethiopians, Greeks, Egyptians, Persians, and Romans contending successively for mastery on sea and land, each eager to possess the rich and beautiful island on which Venus was born, thence called Cyprus.

Where the islands rest still and motionless, a dainty, downy fragment is wafted upward from the tender ocean of green, a fleecy transparent cloud, which looks like sea foam. Its hues of pearl mix with the flush of a floating rose leaf, wandering lines of azure melt into it, a golden glory crowns it. Wafted by beautiful Zephyrs, it moves towards Cyprus, where glowing Summer, and fruitful Autumn, and tender Spring, and cool, grey, silvery Winter assemble at Jupiter's command to give it welcome. Venus is born. The daughters of Jupiter—the Seasons—rise with her, up over the island, away onward to Olympia, where the gods and goddesses are impatient to give her welcome. There is no dream of this in your picture, Mr. Furniss. I don't know why. Cyprus without Venus is *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark.

She is gone. A long dark line of ancient ships, with shields and spears of gold, and banners of crimson gleaming above their painted and gilded bulwarks, bear the Phœnicians, earliest inhabitants of an island so rich in its possessions that of all countries in the world it alone could a ship be created and laden for commerce without foreign assistance. So boasted the daring adventurous merchants who first found and traded with the enchanted islands of Britain—all in the clouds now, and only a dream, but not that of Mr. Furniss.

Rolling upward in gigantic volumes, mass piled on mass, the clouds give form to a giant who builds a mighty city, all purple and grey, upon that island in the pale green luminous sea. He is a son of Hercules, and his name, Amathus, is given to the city which is to be devoted to Venus, and therefore called Amathusia.\*

Dusky shapes, linked together, moving in long lines, slowly, sadly, the Persian's crowd of slaves, so degraded by cruelty and fear that both Cimon and Pausanias failed to taunt them into manliness and courage to work their own redemption.

A small cloud-fragment rises above the laurel leaves which stand out dark and distinct against the sunset; it is shaped like a woman, bending in grief, her face concealed beneath a floating veil. This is Cyprus—she who, as some say, gave the island her name—mourning the woman Venus, who rests cold and still in Egypt, killed for love of him who thought the world, and more, well lost for her. This is the daughter of Antony and Cleopatra, the wife of Agrippa, gliding towards the lovely island of Venus, the goddess, now her own.

A great blaze of gold and crimson flashes through the grey and purple of the island, and bathes it in its glory. Venus-worshipping Rome is mingling with the luxurious islanders, taking part in their love of dissipation and pleasure, sharing the product of their world-famous ingenuity and industry, yet ruling them with a rod of iron.

Blood-red streaks hint how the Jews rose in rebellion against their hard-handed Roman masters.

A partial breaking-up of the cloud island brings dream images of earthquakes and noble cities suddenly prostrated in the dust, as it was in the reign of Constantius, when Salamis, a city of Cyprus sacred to Venus, and therefore surnamed Salamina, suffered so terribly.

How like a calm, majestic face is the outline of that cloud. Is it that of Zeno, the philosopher, still dreaming over the mysteries of our universe, the unity and immutability of all things, and, above all, of their incomprehensibility. He was born at Citum Chiti here on the shore in Cyprus. Or it may be the profile of that mighty physician of Cyprus, Apollonius, who lived on the shore where the brave Greek admiral Cimon died. And yet it may belong to neither, but be that of the god Apollo looking down regretfully upon the grove in which for centuries he was formally worshipped, or on Paphos, the city of Venus, traditionally said to have been founded by his son. It stands there, where Venus first landed from the sea, a spot rendered famous by the beauty of its temple, with frankincense always burning on its hundred altars, which, although exposed to the sky above, have never been wetted by dew or rain! There spoke the oracle of Venus, and there annual festivals in her honour were celebrated for ages, and (with a difference) still are, as I am told.

A wild turbulent confusion of contending figures, a growing gloom obscuring pleasures brilliant hues. Fierce Moawiyah, the Saracen, has invaded Cyprus, and the conquered Cyprians pay tribute to the Turk.

More confusion and contention. A shadowy army led by the mounted figure of a man sheathed in iron, wielding a tremendous battle-axe. Richard of England, he of the Lion's Heart, is a terror in Cyprus, and his Christian crusaders hold the sacred island of the old heathen in the grip of their strong armed hands. But as I look horse and rider and mailed men melt away: the cloud forms, changing with my dreamy thoughts, disperse, leaving intact one majestic and warlike form alone, one more distinct and real than any that have gone before, and yet the mere image of a poet's dream, one Moor, last not least, Othello! Shakespeare, who sits as high upon Olympus as Jupiter the creator of Venus, now peoples this sunset dream of Cyprus, and as the beings he created, come and go with my listlessly wandering fancies the Moor has slain his dearest love and bitterest foe. It is getting chilly, the light and colour dies out into twilight grey and purple, the clouds are growing misty and indistinct; and, as the dark form of the Moor in its attitude of utter despair defies hate and scorns pity, it changes and dies away. But as my thoughts are deserting it, lo! it takes another form—and—by Jingo! it's Beaconsfield's.

\* Est Amathus, est celsa, mihi Paphos, atque Cythera  
Idaliæque domus.  
Virgil. *Æn.* v. 51.

## PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

## GOODWOOD RACES.—(Concluded.)

FRIDAY, AUGUST 2ND.

The DUKE OF RICHMOND'S PLATE.—Eccossais, by Blair Athol—Margery Daw, ag. d, 9st 8st (Goater), 1; Strathavon, 2; Caramel, 3. 5 ran.  
The NURSERY STAKES.—Japonica, by See Saw—Jannetto, 8st 7lb (J. Goater), 1; Laurel Crown, 2. 2 ran.  
The CHESTERFIELD CUP.—Midlothian, by Rataplan or Strathconan—Lufra, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb (in 10lb ex) (Lemaire), 1; Rylstone, 2; The Callant, 3. 9 ran.  
The MARCH STAKES.—Parsimony, by Strathconan—Secret Treasure, 2 yrs, 7st 7lb (Watts), w.o.  
The GOODWOOD CORINTHIAN PLATE.—Deacon, by Cardinal York—Corybanta, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb (car 8st 3lb) (F. Archer), 1; Jupiter and Glendale ran a dead heat for second. 13 ran.  
A SELLING STAKES.—Miriam, by Victorious—Dulcimer, 4 yrs, 9st (F. Archer), 1; Remorse, 2; Parsimony, 3. 4 ran.  
The NASSAU STAKES.—Eau de Vie, by Marsyas—Fairwater, 8st 10lb (Constable), 1; Clementine, 2; Queen of Pearls, 3. 3 ran.

## NORTHUMBERLAND YEOMANRY CAVALRY RACES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3RD.

The RAVENSWORTH PLATE.—Rose of Higham, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb (Mr. J. Fox), 1; Fanny Lambton, 2; Speculation, 3. 6 ran.  
The TWO-YR-OLD PLATE.—Vestral, by Caterer—Christine, 5 yrs, 13st (Owner), 1; Derwent Maid, 2; Polly, 3. 9 ran.  
OFFICERS' CHALLENGE CUP.—Chancellor, by Exchequer, aged, 13st 10lb (Owner), 1; Trade Wind, 2; Arab Horse, 3. 3 ran.  
NORTHUMBERLAND HUSSAR'S CUP.—Vestral, by Caterer—Christine, 5 yrs, 13st 7lb (Owner), 1; Sweet Home, 2; Numa Pompilius, 3. 4 ran.  
CONSOLATION STAKES.—Derwent Maid, 4 yrs, 12st (Mr. A. Joel), 1; Jollity, 2; Fanny Lambton, 3. 5 ran.

## CROYDON MEETING.

MONDAY, AUGUST 5.

The SHIRLEY PLATE.—Miss Bowstring, by Stratford—Miss Bowman, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb (50) (Morden), 1; Muget, 2; Sweet Pea, 3. 7 ran.  
The TWO-YR-OLD PLATE.—Ringleader II., by Musket, dam by Lord Clifden—Vimeira, 8st 5lb (50) (Loates), 1; Lady of the Lea, 2; Bobby Meldrum, 3. 11 ran.  
The NORWOOD PLATE.—Zachary Bell, by Sundelagh—Belle of Holywell, 3 yrs, 7st (car 7st 2lb) (Davies), 1; Victoire, 2; Sweet Pea, 3. 10 ran.  
The HUNTERS' PLAT RACE.—Rochester, by Lord Clifden—Progress, aged, 12st 7lb (50) (Mr. J. R. Taylor), 1; Hen Pleasant, 2; Mountfield, 3. 4 ran.  
The WELTER HANDICAP.—Laburnum, by St. Albans—Departure's dam, by Y. Melbourne, 3 yrs, 9st 12lb (J. Lowe), 1; Palestine, 2; Stentor—Activity's dam, 3. 8 ran.  
The WOODSIDE PLATE.—Blacks by Ace of Spades—Lady Lavender, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb (car 7st 5lb) (Giles), 1; Dolus, 2; Cowslip, 3. 7 ran.

## RIPON MEETING.

MONDAY, AUGUST 5.

The TRIAL SELLING PLATE.—Aurelia, by Westwick—Affection, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb (50) (Griffiths), 1; Gherkin, 2; Brixter Hill, 3. 4 ran.  
The GREAT ST. WILFRID HANDICAP PLATE.—Lady Millicent, by Palmer—Queen of Beauty, 4 yrs, 6st 8lb (Sandford), 1; Datura, 2; Fairy Queen, 3. 6 ran.  
The RED BANK PLATE.—Ben Lomond, by Macgregor—Influence, 8st 5lb (car 8st 6lb) (Snowden), 1; Jim Walker, 2; Alwina, 3. 6 ran.  
The NEWBY HANDICAP PLATE.—Grand Flaneur, by Saunterer—Miss Digby, aged, 9st 4lb (J. Osborne), 1; Little George, 2; Winifred, 3. 6 ran.  
The STUDLEY WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Looking Glass, by Speculum—Jollity, 5 yrs, 9st 12lb (in 4lb ex) (Griffiths), 1; Wandering Willie, 2; Blue Belle, 3. 5 ran.  
TUESDAY, AUGUST 6.  
The HACKFALL HANDICAP PLATE.—Cleopatra, by King Hal—Medallion, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb (car 7st 3lb) (Fagan), 1; Queensberry, 2; Ruperta, 3. 5 ran.  
The CITY WELTER CUP.—Lady Nelson, by Mina—Sabrina, 3 yrs, 8st 13lb (Snowden), 1; Winifred, 2; Scottie, 3. 5 ran.  
The CLARO PLATE.—Nutbush, by Kildare—Nutmeg, 8st 10lb (J. Osborne), 1; Pretender—leazel, 2; Miss Macaroni, 3. 8 ran.  
The RIPON INNKEEPERS' SELLING PLATE.—Aurelia, by Westwick—Affection, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb (50) (J. Osborne), 1; Gherkin, 2; Ita Duffa, 3. 3 ran.  
The MEMBER'S HANDICAP PLATE.—Owton, by Miner—Lady of the Tees, aged, 7st 8lb (Fagan), 1; Mars, 2; Lady Millicent, 3. 6 ran.

## MALVERN RACES.

MONDAY, AUGUST 5.

The BROMPTON HUNTERS' PLAT RACE.—Lady Emily, 4 yrs, 11st (Mr. Bartlett), 1; Lady Ethel, 2; Gala, 3. 6 ran.  
LINK GALLOWAY PLATE.—Bargee, 9st 4lb (Major), 1; Florry, 2; Lady Sarah, 3. 11 ran.  
The MALVERN STAKES.—Rocket, aged, 11st 6lb (Mr. Bartlett), 1; Harmonia, 2; Bonnybrook, 3. 3 ran.  
A MATCH.—Mountaineer, 11st (Owner), 1; Tommy, 2. 2 ran.  
The LICENSED VICTUALLERS' SELLING STAKES.—Houbton, by Grimston—Hopper, aged, 12st 7lb (Owner), 1; Bonnybrook, 2; Yeoman, 3. 4 ran.  
PONY RACE.—Grizzle (Nares), 1; Brown Prince, 2. 2 ran.

## BRIGHTON MEETING.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 6.

The BRISTOL PLATE.—Lord Byron, by Oxford or Duke—Poetry, 4 yrs, 8st 3lb (50) (H. Jeffery), 1; Garter King, 2; Little Harry, 3. 4 ran.  
The MARINE STAKES.—Dunmow, by Cecrops—Rose of Tralee, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb (F. Archer), 1; Preciosa, 2; King David, 3. 12 ran.  
The PATCHAM STAKES.—Ventnor, by The Palmer—Maggiore, 5 yrs, 9st 8lb (50) (F. Archer), 1; Titania II., 2; Nantho, 3. 6 ran.  
The BRIGHTON STAKES.—Don Carlos, by Paul Jones—Laura, by Lampton, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb (A. Hall), 1; Garbroch, 2; Winchilsea, 3. 6 ran.  
The CLINTONVILLE STAKES.—Little Duck, by Mandrake—Lady Temple, 7st 11lb (50) (Constable), 1; Ryegrass, 2; Lantern Fly, 3. 7 ran.  
The SELLING WELTER HANDICAP.—Plevna, by Lord Clifden—Gemma, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb (J. McDonald), 1; Miss Bowstring, 2; Gaddy, 3. 6 ran.  
The CORPORATION STAKES.—White Poppy, by Winslow—Formosa, 8st 6lb (F. Archer), 1; Rayon d'Or, 2; Effie Deans, 3. 8 ran.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7.

The OIVINGDEAN PLATE.—Kaleidoscope, by Speculum—Recluse, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb (Constable), 1; Gladstone, 2; Caramel, 3. 8 ran.  
The BEVEDIAN STAKES.—Shamrock, by Knight of the Garter—Perdition, 8st 10lb (Cannon), 1; Lady Dixie, 2; Heloise, 3. 3 ran.  
The HAMILTON STAKES.—Faisan, by Monitor—Fluke, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb (Goater), 1; Thunderbolt—Saga, 2; Fiddlestring, 3. 7 ran.  
The PAVILION STAKES.—Ventnor, by Palmer—Maggiore, 5 yrs, 10st 1lb (50) (F. Archer), 1; Oxonian, 2; Plevna, 3. 8 ran.  
The BRIGHTON CUP.—Pagant, by Elland—Panoply, aged, 8st 11lb (T. Cannon), 1; Rhidorocho, 2; Julius Cesar, 3. 6 ran.  
The MAIDEN STAKES.—Knight of the Garter—Saratoga, 2 yrs, 7st 7lb (Morgan), 1; Lipscombe, 2; Knight of the Cross, 3. 4 ran.  
The JUVENILE SELLING STAKES.—Alfriston, by Orest—Crusade, 8st 7lb (50) (Newhouse), 1; White and Blue, 2; Gun Barrel, 3. 3 ran.  
The GRAND STAND PLATE.—Placida, by Lord Lyon—Pietas, 4 yrs, 9st 4lb (H. Jeffery), 1; Amice, by The Palmer—Ravioli, 2; Grace, 3. 3 ran.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8.

The PRESTON HANDICAP.—Bonny Betty, by Knowsley—Elsham Lass, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb (car 6st 6lb) (Lemaire), 1; Maid of Wye, 2; Ingelwood Ranger, 3. 8 ran.  
The KEMP TOWN PLATE.—Remorse, by Hermit—Vex, 7st 6lb (50) (J. Watts), 1; Ryegrass, 2; Pax—Tillington Lass, 3. 5 ran.  
A WELTER HANDICAP.—Fiddlestring, by Paganini—Acid, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb (F. Archer), 1; Don Carlos and Paxaretta, ran a dead heat for second. 12 ran.  
The ROTTENDEAN HANDICAP.—King David, by King of the Forest—Atone-ment, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb (50) (F. Archer), 1; Titus Flavius, 2; British Beauty, 3. 6 ran.  
The STEWARDS' CUP.—Kington, 6 yrs, 7st 9lb (Newhouse), 1; Thunderstone, 2; Lyceum, 3. 7 ran.  
The ALL-AGED SELLING PLATE.—Zazel, by Canary—Minerva, 5 yrs, 9st 2lb (50) (Barlow), 1; Borgia, 2; British Beauty, 3. 6 ran.  
ROUS STAKES.—Faisan, 1; Dalham, 2; Placida, 3. 3 ran.

## BALLINASLOE STEEPLE-CHASES.

MONDAY, AUGUST 5.

PONY PLATE.—Retort, by Chit Chat, aged, 10st 8lb (Mr. F. F. Cullen, 1; Kate, 2; Inez, 3. 7 ran.  
LADIES' PLATE.—Bron, by Lozenge—Andromache, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb (Gray), 1; Vengeance, 2; Viola, 3. 7 ran.  
BALLINASLOE TOWN PLATE.—Welfort, by Hillingdon, dam by Macaroni, 4 yrs, 11st (Mr. F. F. Cullen), 1; Sister Star, 2. 5 ran.  
The COMMERCIAL PLATE.—Bron, by Lozenge—Andromache, 6 yrs, 10st 12lb (Gray), 1; Volunteer, 2; The Colonel, 3. 5 ran.  
CONSOLATION PLATE.—The Colonel, by Red Deer, aged, 11st (Owner), 1; Vengeance, 2; Music, 3. 3 ran.

## FOREIGN RACING INTELLIGENCE.

## CAEN RACE MEETING.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 4.

PRIX SPECIAL.—Mourle, by Ruy Blas—Mdle de Couseix, 3 yrs, 8t 11lb (Storr), 1; Fitz-Plutus, 2. 2 ran.  
PRIX PRINCIPAL.—Balagny, by Henry—Némca, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb (Carratt), 1; Guéménée, 2. 2 ran.  
PRIX DES HARAS.—Mogador, by Vertugadin—Merry Christian, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb (Hunter), 1; Biblette, 2; Follette, 3. 3 ran.  
PRIX DE LA VILLE DE CAEN.—Vinaigrette, by Patricien—Vergule, 5 yrs, 9st 7lb (Carver), 1; Double Blanc, 2; Filouse, 3. 10 ran.  
PRIX DU PREMIER PAS.—Fitz-Révigny, by Révigny—New Star, by Charlatan, 8st 9lb (Storr), 1; Electrique, 2; Figurine, 3. 14 ran.  
PRIX DE LA SOCIÉTÉ D'ENCOURAGEMENT.—Gladia, by Tournement—Garencé, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb (Wheeler), 1; Logrono, 2; Colifichet, 3. 5 ran.  
HURDLE HANDICAP.—Belle Petite, by Vertugadin—Bigote, 3 yrs, 10st 10lb (Lansdell), w.o.

MONDAY, AUGUST 5.

PRIX DU CONSEIL GÉNÉRAL.—Rose de Mai, by Vermout—Maiden's Blush, 3 yrs, 6st 13lb (Bartholomew), 1; Kermesse, 2; Double Blanc, 3. 6 ran.  
PRIX NATIONAL.—Balagny, by Henry—Némca, 4 yrs, 9st (Carratt), 1; Valérien, 2; Fédor, 3. 3 ran.  
GRAND ST. LEGER DE FRANCE.—Mourle, by Ruy Blas—Mdle de Couseix, by Sylvain, 8st 9lb (Storr), 1; Inval, 2; Colifichet, 3. 5 ran.  
PRIX DE LA SOCIÉTÉ D'ENCOURAGEMENT.—Fitz-Plutus, by Plutus, New Star, 3 yrs, 9st (Kolfe), 1; Némca, 2; Le Marquis, 3. 6 ran.  
PRIX DE CHEMIN DE FER.—Gredin, by Tournement—Garencé, 2 yrs, 9st (50) (Wheeler), 1; Saint Mars, 2; Géographic, 3. 7 ran.  
STEEPLECHASE HANDICAP.—Noisette, by Florin—La Normandie, 6 yrs, 10st 2lb (Lansdell), 1; Fitz-Morengo, 2; Marcelle, 3. 3 ran.

## MALINES RACES.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 4.

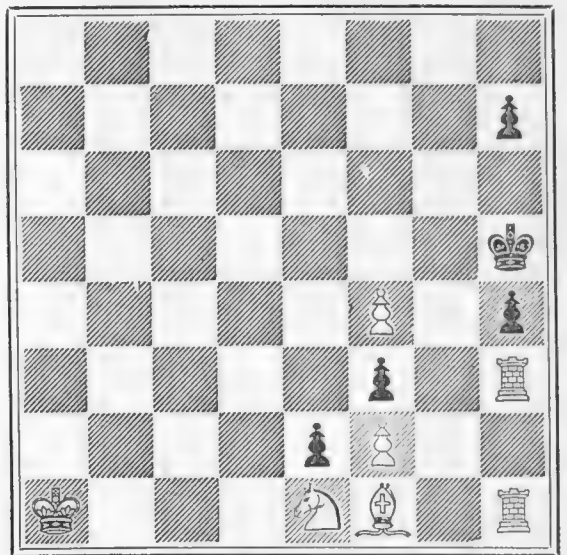
MILITARY RACE.—Pactole II., by Light—Pérole, aged (M. Brogniez), 1; The Beggar, 2; Brac, 3. 3 ran.  
SELLING STAKES.—Menneval, by Pompiér—La Minarde, 2 yrs, 7st 8lb (50) (A. Miles), 1; Victor, 2; Miss Manfield, 3. 4 ran.  
COURSE POUR CHEVAUX D'AMATEURS.—Nemo, by D'Estournel—Pallas, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb (Owner), 1; Lady Honey, 2; Panthéon, 3. 4 ran.  
HURDLE RACE.—Rosette, by Bagdad—Nunykirke, 6 yrs, 12st 4lb (Baker), 1; Mer de Glace, 2; Nancy Lee, 3. 3 ran.

## CHESS.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. W. YATES.—Your solution of Problem 196 is correct.  
Solutions of Problem No. 197 by J. G., S. W., and Simplex are correct.  
S. W.—It is difficult, if not impossible, to please everyone; but certainly you seem to have been treated with scant courtesy, if not with positive injustice.

## PROBLEM 198.

By T. H. HOPWOOD.  
BLACK.WHITE.  
White to play and mate in three moves.

## PARIS.

The following was one of the most brilliant games played in the late Tournament:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Mr. Mackenzie)	(Herr Winawer)	(Mr. Mackenzie)	(Herr Winawer)
1. P to K4	P to K4	18. R to Q3 (d)	P to Q Kt 4
2. Kt to K B3	Kt to Q B3	19. Kt to B6	B to K2
3. B to Kt5	P to Q R3	20. B takes R P	B takes Kt
4. B to R4	Kt to B3	21. P takes B	Q takes P
5. P to Q4	P takes P	22. B takes P (e)	Q takes B
6. Castles	B to K2	23. Q to R4 (ch)	K to K5
7. P to K5	Kt to K5	24. R to Kt3	R to R3
8. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt (a)	25. R takes Q (ch)	K takes R
9. Q takes Kt	Kt to B4	26. Q to Kt3 (ch)	R to Kt3
10. B to Kt3	Kt takes B	27. Q takes P	R to Ksq
11. R P takes Kt	Castles	28. P to Kt3	R to Q B3
12. B to B4 (b)	K to Rsq	29. Q takes R P	R to Q3
13. Kt to B3	P to Q Kt3 (c)	30. Q takes P	R to K7
14. Q R to Qsq	R to K2	31. Q to Kt5 (ch)	K to Bsq
15. Kt to Q5	B to H4	32. P to K K4	R to K3
16. Q to B3	P to Q K4	33. P to R5	Resigns.
17. Q to Kt3	P to K3		

(a) Kt to H4 is the proper move here.  
(b) Well played. Evidently White has spied out the weak point in Black's position, namely the Q P.  
(c) In vain he essays to shape his game into something like form, his opponent allows him no time therefore, but rains down his blows fast and furious.  
(d) The key-move of a brilliant and irresistible combination.  
(e) It was easy enough at this point to discover this, the winning move, but White deserves great credit for having foreseen it several moves previously.  
(f) The end-game is instructive, as affording a good sample of the vigorous style in which this master is wont to demolish a wounded opponent.

## THE COUNTIES' CHESS ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Meeting of this Society was held last week at King's College.

The 1st prize in the principal tournament was won, and well won, by Mr. E. Thorold, the 2nd by the Rev. C. E. Ranken, and Messrs. Jenkin and Sydney Ensor divided the 3rd and 4th between them. We regret to be obliged to report that the Handicap proved an utter failure, and that the failure must be wholly attributed to the ridiculous mismanagement of the Committee; but on this subject we propose to reserve our remarks until next week.

On Friday, the 9th inst., Mr. Mackenzie, who has been absent from this country for the last fifteen years, will be entertained at Moullet's Hotel by the Committee of the City Club, when a brilliant assemblage of chessists is expected.

## THE PARIS TOURNAMENT.

THIS tie for the 1st prize was unknotted on Wednesday last by Herr Zukertort, who prevailed over Herr Winawer, and thus becomes the Chess Champion of the World, and will so continue until he is conquered or retires from the arena. Herr Zukertort has fairly earned his laurels, and we certainly do not grudge them to him. Not by brilliancy of style, but by persistent steadiness of play has he achieved his great victory. And all the more he is to be honoured, because, having made a bad start, he never lost heart, but pluckily girded up his loins for the subsequent battles, and fought them with a rare courage and to the utmost of his ability.

We are obliged to defer our remarks upon several other of the combatants.

Messrs. Bird, Blackburne, Mason, and Mackenzie left Paris early last week, and arrived in London on Thursday. In the afternoon of that day they visited the Divan, and were very cordially welcomed. On Friday evening they were present at the City of London Club, when Mr. MacDonnell gave a simultaneous performance, encountering fifteen strong antagonists, the result being that in less than three hours he won eleven, lost two, and drew two games. There were also present on that occasion the Revs. C. E. Ranken, J. Coker, W. Newham, Professor Wayte, &c., &c.

ACCORDING to the *Musical Monthly Record*, a young English lady, Miss Elliot, under the name of Mdle. Elme, is creating a sensation on the lyric stage in Italy, both by her dramatic and vocal powers.

SPORT in Iceland is not very favourably spoken of, salmon and trout being rather scarce this season. A party belonging to Peterhead, who visited Iceland about three months ago for the purpose of preserving salmon and other sorts of fish, have up to the present time only met with partial success.

BEAUMARIS REGATTA.

COLNE YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

In the Ship's Boats' Match there were three entries:—Eblana, Fletcher, Southsandhead. Fletcher taking first prize, £1, and Southsandhead second prize, 5s.

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EAU MALLERON, FOR THE CURE OF BALDNESS.—The remarkable success which has attended the introduction into this country of this remedy is proved by the large and gradually increasing number of testimonials of an enthusiastic character which the discoverer receives by every post. It yet suffers, and must inevitably remain at a disadvantage for some time to come, from the fact that it must necessarily rank, in the estimation of those who have yet had no opportunity of testing its wonderful properties, with the thousand-and-one quack remedies for the removal of baldness already in existence. Monsieur Lodois, however, is confident that the time is not far distant when a sceptical community will be compelled to admit that he is the possessor of an invention which is a certain cure for baldness that does not arise from old age or decay of nature. His straightforward method of conducting his practice is meeting with the appreciation it deserves. With those patients who are in a position to hold periodical consultations of a personal nature M. Lodois makes his contracts on the "no cure no pay" principle. Such patients as are prepared to visit him at No. 40, Haymarket, at stated times, and to rigidly carry out the instructions of their capillary physician, may, in the vast majority of cases, safely reckon upon a perfect and permanent cure. In an interesting pamphlet on the subject of Baldness, published by Monsieur Lodois, he says that the Malleron preparation "possesses the power of causing the gradual organic action of the hair to increase its vitality in a lasting manner, and thus cause hair to grow in places where for years it had disappeared—even on the balddest heads." It is unfortunately impossible, owing to the confidential nature of much of his practice, for M. Lodois to acquaint the world with a tithe of the remarkable cures he has wrought. The following consensus of testimony, however, selected from a great number of letters, the originals of which may be inspected on application, will tell its own "unvarnished tale."

The following letter has just been received from Signor Urio, the well-known operatic artiste.

London, July 29th, 1878.

M. LODOIS.—Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter, I beg to state that after using the Eau Malleron some time, I have obtained quite a marvellous result. I am certain that through it I shall recover my hair exactly as it was before. I am, indeed, much obliged to you.

Yours very truly,  
URIO.

You may show my letter to any inquirer, and do what you think fit with it.

(From a Lady)

Stratford-on-Avon, June 29th, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—I have just finished the bottle of Eau Malleron I received from you just a month ago. It certainly has proved beneficial to my hair, as it is thicker at the roots, and has grown a little over an inch.—Believe me, yours truly,  
C. H.

Hull, May 3rd, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—I have commenced with the Eau Malleron, and fancy it begins to do good, in any case the skin of the scalp appears to get softer, showing more life.—Yours,  
J. E.

Bibleton, near Preston, May 27th, 1878.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your favour to hand, I have not used the Eau Malleron for a month, I have been away from home, and my whereabouts uncertain, so did not send for any. My hair is thicker, though I do not follow out the directions perhaps as rigidly as I ought.—Yours sincerely,  
J. C. S.

Lerwick, June 6th, 1878.

M. J. LODOIS.—Sir, I beg to inform you that I have finished the last bottle of Eau Malleron supplied by you. To speak candidly, I think that where the mixture was most used the hair is thicker, but it is very fine and short.—Yours obediently,  
G. W. H.

Trowbridge, June 17th, 1878.

MONSIEUR LODOIS.—Sir,—I beg to enclose a cheque for one bottle of Eau Malleron, as before, and should be obliged your sending it early to the above address. Progress as yet, I fancy, is slow, and may after another bottle improve, that I may report to you with entire satisfaction.—I remain, yours, &c.,  
W. S. W.

Bath, April 9th, 1878.

J. LODOIS.—Dear Sir,—I enclose a P.O.O. for 25s. 6d., and will thank you to send me a large bottle of Eau Malleron. My hair has improved wonderfully since I have used this preparation.—Yours, &c.,  
J. F. M.

34, Avenue du Pont Neuf,  
Limoges, France.

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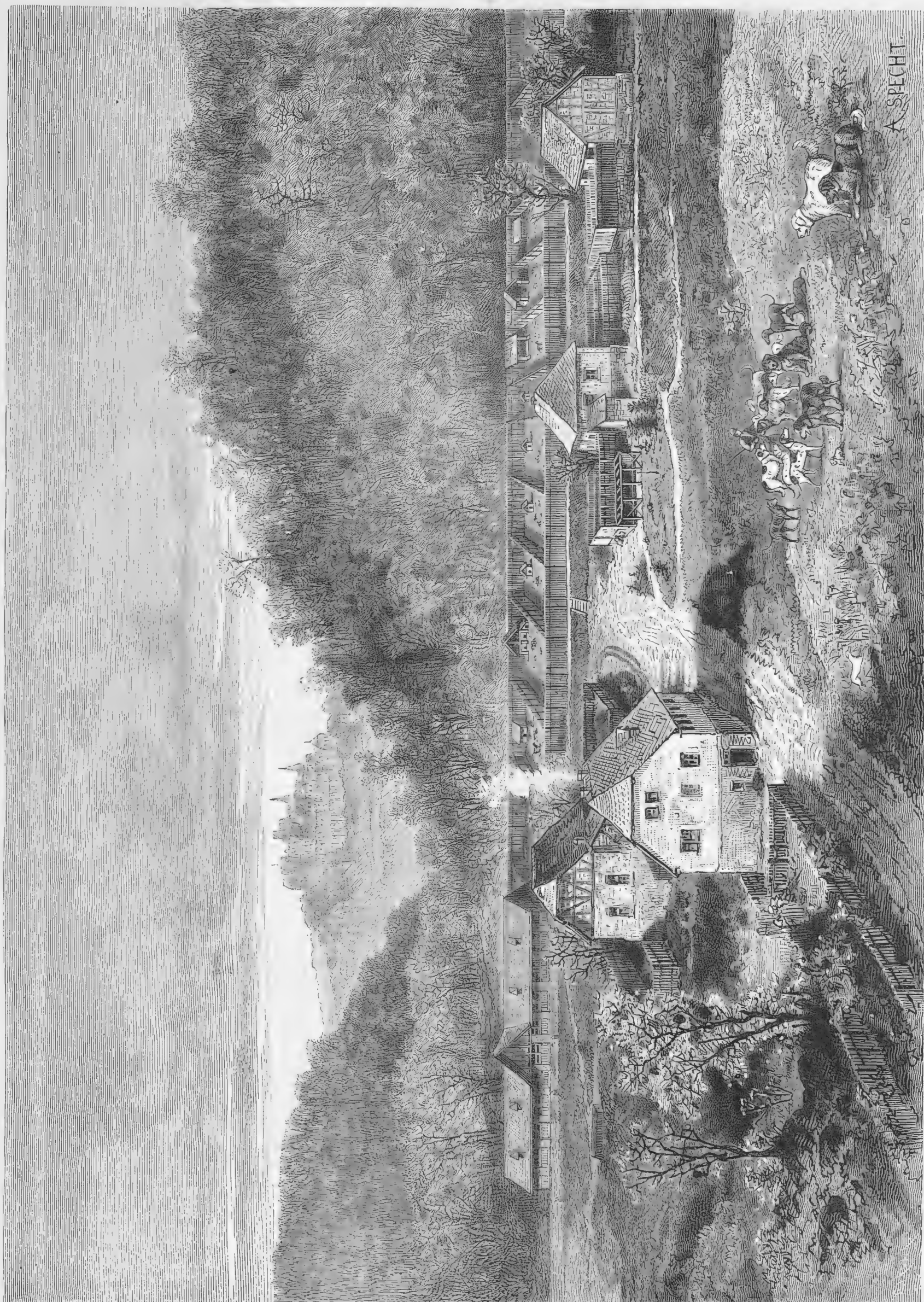
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A. SPECHT.

KENNELS OF PRINCE ALBERT, NEAR BRAUNFELS.

We think that the present moment is a favourable one

for calling attention to this drawback to Volunteer efficiency, for the reason that a commission is now sitting to inquire into the wants of Volunteers generally, and to consider how best further pecuniary assistance (if granted by Parliament) may be applied to the wants of two hundred thousand men likely to claim the Government grant at the close of the current financial year. We venture to suggest that any additional aid to the Volunteer force, instead of taking the shape of hard cash, as at present, should be forthcoming in the form of the establishment of ranges in localities where none at present exist, or of extension and general improvement of those now imperfect from whatever cause. With the prevailing system of depot centres for the regulars and militia, these ranges would be available for all branches of the Service, and a serious burden would be lifted from the shoulders of Volunteers now, in many cases, saddled with heavy rents for the rights of shooting so necessary to their very existence. No very larger sum would be required thus to increase facilities for rifle practice, and the nation could not pay a more graceful tribute to the citizens who have deserved so well of it than to furnish them with the means of increasing the high state of perfection already attained. Rifle-shooting is the very heart and soul of Volunteering, and its encouragement is absolutely necessary if we would retain the services of a large force, yearly improving in drill and discipline, and anxious still further to deserve well of their country by the practice which makes perfect in the use of the weapons they carry.

THE GRAND NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETING AT BATH.

We to the grey goose wing more conquests owe  
Than to the monk's invention: for then  
We called out mighty arms to draw the bow.  
Striplings oft serve us now, then only men;  
For these hot engines equal mischief can,  
Discharged by a boy or by a man.

THUS lamentingly sung Alleyne, being, in his passionate love of the bow, oblivious to the simple fact that while that weapon had been in use for many hundreds of years, the "hot engines," or firearms, were then but newly introduced. In the same spirit Carew, another old lover of the bow, pleads for it with equal enthusiasm, making it say:—

"As in fight I give you protection, so in peace I supplye you pastime, and, both in warre and peace, to your lymmes I yeelede active plyantnesse, and to your bodies healthful exercise; yea, I provide you food when you are hungrie, and helpe digestion when you are full. Whence then proceedeth this unkind and unusual strangenesse? Am I heavy for burden? Forsooth a few light sticks of wood. Am I cumbrous for carriage? I connect a part of myself close under your girdle, and the other part serveth as a walking staff in your hand. Am I unhandsome in your sight? Every piece of me is comely, and the whole keepeth a harmonical proportion. Lastly, am I costly to be provided? or hard to be maintayned? No. Cheapness is my Purveyor, Easiness my Preserver. Neither do I make you blow away your charges with my breath, nor taynt your nose with my scent, nor defile your face and fingers with my colour, like that hell-borne murderer whome you accept before me."

Despite such passionate appeals on behalf of the old national weapon, so intimately associated with all the more glorious and exciting phases of English history, it fell steadily into disuse, being at the close of the last century almost forgotten. It then began to regain the favour it justly deserves, and Mr. Walter Michael Moseley says, within ten years of the time at which he was then writing (1792) archery was steadily advancing in the public estimation as a pleasant, interesting, and healthful means of recreation, so that within the preceding ten years many companies, or societies, were established for its practice, of which he enumerates twenty. There are now about a hundred and fifty, all old-established and flourishing, with their regular meetings for practice and for prize shooting. At the head of these stands the Grand National Archery Society, which has organised a series of meetings, whereat skilled representatives from all the societies compete in friendly yet ardent rivalry. These meetings are of a migratory description, and have in past years taken place in Leamington, Cheltenham, Bath, Clifton, Brighton, and Birmingham.

The Grand National Society had its origin at Knavesmire, York, thirty-five seasons ago, and has at each of its meetings shown some distinguishing achievement. Within the last ten years the lady champion honour was three times gained by scores considerably over 700 on a double round; and the champion medal three times by scores in excess of 900 (and once by a score actually exceeding 1,000 points). During the past ten years the highest scores made in match-shooting have included the following:—At Crystal Palace by ladies, four times in excess of 700, and by gentlemen, six times in excess of 900; at Leamington, by ladies, seven times in excess of 700 (once 785 and once 768), and by gentlemen, ten times in excess of 800, and twice in excess of 1,000; whilst at the Great Western Meeting (this year arranged to take place at Weymouth, under the most promising circumstances) the leading scores within a period of ten years have been, by ladies, seven times in excess of 600 (once within a single point of 700), and by gentlemen we have the magnificent scoring of four times above 900, including two such scores as 1,033, made by Major Fisher at Teignmouth, in 1870, and 1,060 by the same gentleman, at Sherborne, two years afterwards. Thus we may fairly boast that a more skilful and practical generation of modern archers the annals of the pastime has never known. The National Meeting of this week has also disclosed ample signs of close and accurate shooting, notably so in the performances of Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Horniblow, Mrs. Piers-Legh, Mr. Palaiet, and Messrs. O. Leigh-Clare and Rimington, and brought out many other individual excellences, all contributing to make up the general sum total of that superiority which is now identified with modern match-shooting. We believe that Mr. Rimington's score of 286 at sixty yards, from 48 hits, has not been surpassed at that range at any previous National.

This year the place appointed for the meeting was that quaint, old, interesting town of many memories—Tunbridge Wells. On its famous hilly common, with its luxurious growth of thick furze and bracken and flowering gorse, delightful in the breezy freshness of its 170 acres and the beauty of its surrounding scenery, the archers met in gallant array.

The list of the patrons of the National Meeting this year included the Marquis of Abergavenny, Viscount Hardinge, Viscount Homedale, M.P., Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, Lord Sackville, Lord Alexander Gordon Lennox, Sir W. Hart Dyke, Bart., M.P., J. G. Talbot, Esq., M.P., Montague Scott, Esq., M.P., and members of about one hundred archery societies. The general committee included representative men from the following societies:—County of Dublin, Royal Toxophilite, Woodmen of Arden, West Gloucestershire, East Sheen, Long Melford, West Berks, John o'Gaunts, Lichfield, West Somerset,

Herefordshire, Vale of White Horse, Cheltenham, Devon and Cornwall, Raglan, Edgehill, Waveney Valley, Barnesdale, Thirsk Bowmen, and South Devon. In addition to those members of the local committee, to whose activity we have already alluded, that body included Lords Henry and George Nevill, and George Murray, the Hon. F. C. Molyneux, Lieut.-Col. Ramsden, Sir J. C. K. Shaw, Bart., Major Lempiere, and Messrs. J. J. Barrow, W. J. Blackburne-Maze, F. W. Elers, G. H. Field, C. R. F. Lutwidge, W. A. Smith, W. H. Delves, J. Stone Wigg, C. C. Thorley, F. Argyle, J. Burton, G. Farrar, and T. H. Spencer. The judges upon this occasion were Mr. C. M. Caldecott and Mr. R. F. Macnamara. The prize list included seven "score" prizes for the best gross scores, to be awarded for value only, both for ladies and gentlemen—twelve such prizes on the whole—on the shooting of the double National and York rounds, independently of fourteen other prizes for ladies and eighteen for gentlemen—including four local prizes both for ladies and gentlemen, offered exclusively for archers *bona fide* residents within a radius of thirty-five miles of Tunbridge Wells—though the competitors for these last-named prizes were not debarred from receiving more valuable (but not additional) prizes instead, in the event of their becoming entitled to them. But, besides these, there were of course the Champion's Gold Medal, carried off last year for the third time, at Doncaster, by the Rev. W. Rimington (who, as a Yorkshireman, very appropriately won in his own county), and the Lady Champion Silver Braces and Brooch, won upon the same occasion, and for the second time, by Mrs. Butt, who did not, however, compete at the Tunbridge Wells meeting for its retention.

The shooting on Wednesday week commenced at 100 yards, under the disadvantage of heavy showers of rain, which drove the archers to the shelter of their tents ere they had scarcely discharged some dozen arrows; but afterwards the weather could not more delightfully have adapted itself to the circumstances of the case, even if it had been specially ordered and made for the occasion. It will be seen from the leading scores on Wednesday at all distances, which we subjoin, that the performances at 100 yards and 80 yards were fully up to the average on the part of Messrs. Palaiet, Leigh-Clare, and Chapman, and that Mr. Rimington led the team at 60 yards, at which distance he counted every arrow. At the close of the round Mr. Palaiet had achieved the fine score of 485 on his day's shooting, and there were two other excellent scores of 422 and 411, by Mr. Rimington and Mr. Leigh-Clare. The best gold at 100 yards was made by Mr. Fryer, whilst at 80 yards there was an equality of merit in that respect exhibited by Messrs. Clare, C. Longman, and Hanbury, and at 60 yards Major Burton headed the golds upon the judge's card. Mr. Palaiet in shooting his last dozen arrows at 100 yards scored 52 from ten hits, and in one of his dozens at 80 yards scored 60 with twelve hits, whilst at 60 yards Mr. Rimington in shooting his second dozen, registered 82 with twelve hits.

In the ladies must always be centred the chief charm of a great archery match, for there can be no doubt that the beauty and fashion which are so largely and appropriately represented in toxophilite ranks are no mean aids to the interest taken by the public in these Grand National Meetings. There was apparent, on the part of the competitors generally, a desire to win and wear all the laurels which their combined gifts of coolness and skill could enable them to obtain. Whilst there was, throughout the contest, both manful and steady perseverance by the "other sex," there were graceful, but none the less determined, efforts of the ladies; and perhaps the interest taken by the outsiders in the scoring of the latter served to add even more zest and keenness to the competition than would otherwise have been felt in the match. Obviously, at Tunbridge, these potent influences played an important part in upholding the numerical as well as all the other elements of success which were so plentifully present both on Wednesday and Thursday.

On the first day the ladies' competition at both distances was sustained with great spirit by Mrs. Marshall (who obtained the highest scores), by Mrs. Horniblow, Mrs. P. Legh, Miss Legh, and Mrs. J. R. Thomson. In shooting her second dozen at 60 yards Mrs. Marshall made 69 with 11 hits, and at 50 yards there was some close scoring in three separate dozens of arrows, shot as follows: By Mrs. Marshall, 68 from 12 hits; Mrs. Colin Ross, 68, also from a dozen hits; and by Mrs. Thomson, 68 from 10 hits. The best golds of the first day were given in favour of Mrs. Fenwick at 60 yards, and Mrs. Everett at 50 yards.

Rain fell at the commencement of the hundred yards shooting on the following day Thursday, but was of short duration, and the contestants were again favoured with delightful July weather during the remainder of the day, the following being the leading totals at all distances:—

60 Yards.			50 Yards.		
Hits.	Scr.		Hits.	Scr.	
Mrs Marshall.....	44	212	Mrs Marshall.....	22	128
Mrs Horniblow.....	41	201	Mrs Legh.....	21	117
Mrs Legh.....	43	195	Mrs Everett.....	21	115
Miss Legh.....	37	175	Mrs Horniblow.....	23	113
Mrs Lister.....	40	172	Miss Wright.....	20	106
Miss Hollins.....	38	172	Miss F. Parr.....	20	100
Mrs Booth.....	41	159	Mrs Hulse.....	22	98

Measured Golds.—At 60 yards, Mrs Yates Foot, Miss Maltby, Mrs. Legh, Mrs. Benwell, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Nesham, Mrs. C. Betham, Mrs. Wood, Miss Benwell, and Miss Panter; at 50 yards, Miss Benwell, Mrs. Geddes, Miss E. Parr, Miss Turner, Mrs. Clare, Miss Prothero, Miss Penny, and Mrs. A. Christy.

GENTLEMEN. 100 Yards.			80 Yards.		
Hits.	Scr.		Hits.	Scr.	
Mr. Burrows.....	32	160	Mr. Everett.....	30	114
Mr. Palaiet.....	43	217	Mr. Piers Legh.....	33	113
Mr. Neville.....	31	131	Mr. Eyre Hussey.....	29	113
Mr. Betham.....	31	125	Mr. Fryer.....	27	113
Mr. Leigh Clare.....	35	125	Mr. Rimington.....	29	111
60 Yards.			50 Yards.		
Hits.	Scr.		Hits.	Scr.	
Mr. Leigh Clare.....	40	212	Lt.-Col. Wethered.....	28	132
Mr. Everett.....	34	158	Mr. Walters.....	33	120
Mr. Palaiet.....	30	156	Mr. Fryer.....	28	118
Mr. Rimington.....	29	135	Mrs. Yates-Foot.....	26	118
Mr. Betham.....	32	132	Mr. Nesham.....	27	117
60 Yards.			50 Yards.		
Hits.	Scr.		Hits.	Scr.	
Mr. Rimington.....	24	138	Mr. Walrond.....	21	105
Mr. Palaiet.....	24	134	Mr. Butt.....	20	100
Mr. Pinckney.....	24	122	Mr. Betham.....	20	96
Major Fisher.....	22	114	Mr. Eyre Hussey.....	21	95
Mr. Everett.....	20	110	Mr. Leigh Clare.....	20	94

Measured Golds.—At 100 yards, Messrs. Ainsworth, Snow, Solly, and Martin. At 80 yards, Messrs. Elliott, Everett, Eyre-Hussey, Sagar, Snow, Pinckney, Moore, France, Legh, Wethered, Nevile, and Wood. At 60 yards, Messrs. Butt, Burton, Wethered, C. Longman, and Daubeny.

There was the customary handicap shooting on the Friday, but an alteration of arrangements by the committee went very practically towards utilising a part of the time. As there was no ball on the evening of the second day's shooting, when the prize list has, with few exceptions, been generally announced, the ceremony of declaring the prizes of both days' shooting took place upon this occasion on the third day, of which it formed a pleasant, and of course also an important, feature. This alteration has proved to be such a thoroughly practical improvement upon the old arrangements that it is to be hoped, in the interests of correct prize lists, it will in future national matches be generally

adopted, particularly as it has been found that the prize lists, when hurriedly made up in order to be in time for the ball on the second night, are not always free from inaccuracies, and, besides guarding against the possibility of errors creeping in, it has the great additional advantage of enabling the committee to place the decisions of the judges beyond a doubt on the score of accuracy before the prizes are publicly declared. And a still further argument in favour of the new plan is that it gives to the third day's proceedings an interest in which it has, with few exceptions, hitherto been deficient.

The prize list was as follows:—

LADIES' PRIZES: For the first gross score, £15, Mrs. Marshall (East Sheen Archers), 132 hits, 692 score; second gross score, £13, Mrs. Horniblow (G.N.A.S.), 132, 632; third gross score, £11, Mrs. Piers Legh (Cheltenham Archers), 129, 613; fourth gross score, £10, Miss Piers Legh (Cheltenham Archers), 124, 555; fifth gross score, £9, Miss Hollins (Vale of Lune Archers), 120, 534; sixth gross score, £8, Mrs. Ainsworth (North Lonsdale Archers), 121, 515; seventh gross score, £7, Mrs. Lister (Raglan Archers), 110, 496; greatest score (local), £5 10s., Miss E. Parr (West Kent Archers), 112, 486; second, £5, Mr. M.L. Berens (West Kent Archers), 108, 466; greatest number of golds, £5, Mrs. J. R. Thomson (Queen's R. St. Leonards), 10; best gold, £5, Mrs. Yates-Foot (Lugg and Arrow Archers); greatest score at 60 yards, £4 10s., Mrs. Pinckney (South Wilts Archer) 77, 395; greatest number of hits at 50 yards, £4 10s., Mrs. Booth (Catterick Archers), 71; greatest score at 50 yards, £4 10s., Mrs. Everett (South Wilts), 40, 210; greatest number of hits of 50 yards, £4 10s., Miss Friend (West Kent), 38, 188, tie with Mrs. Hornby and Mrs. Hulse, greatest number of golds at 60 yards, £4, Mrs. Sykes (Chedle Archers); 6, tie, with Mrs. Hulse and Miss Benwell; greatest number of golds at 50 yards, £4, Miss Follett (West Kent), 4, tie with Miss Miss M. Prothero, Mrs. Clare, Mrs. Haigh, and Mrs. A. Christy; best gold at 60 yards, £4, Miss Maltby; best gold at 50 yards, £4, Miss Wiseman (Mersey Bowmen); greatest number of golds (local), £3, Mrs. A. Smith (Richmond Archers), 7, tie with Miss M. Prothero; best gold (local), £3, Miss Geddes; the ladies transferable silver brace and badge, Mrs. Marshall, six points out of eight, Mrs. Horniblow having one point for tie in gross hits and one point for most hits at 50 yards.

GENTLEMEN'S PRIZES: Greatest gross score, £15, Mr. Palaiet (Royal Toxophilite Society), 202 hits, 932 score; second gross score, £13, Mr. O. Leigh Clare (Surrey Bowmen), 190, 840; third gross score, £11, Mr. Rimington (Royal Toxophilite Society), 170, 806; fourth gross score, £10, Mr. Everett (Royal Toxophilite Society), 162, 722; fifth gross score, £9, Major Fisher (West Berks Archers), 156, 714; sixth gross score, £8, Mr. Betham (County Dublin Archers), 159, 657; seventh gross score, £7, Mr. Eyre Hussey (Vale of White Horse Archers), 159, 655; greatest score (local), £5 10s., Mr. Walrond (Royal Toxophilite Society), 151, 635; second score (local), £5, Mr. A. Henty (Royal Toxophilite Society), 154, 612; greatest number of golds, £5, Mr. Piers Legh (Cheltenham Archers), 17; best gold, £5, Major Burton (Grand National Archery Society), tie with Mr. Butt; score at 100 yards, £4 10s., Mr. Neville (Barnsdale Archers), 55, 243; hits at 100 yards, £4 10s., Mr. C. Longman (Royal Toxophilite Society), 55; score at 80 yards, £4 10s., Mr. Chapman (East Sheen Archers), 58, 262; hits at 80 yards, £4 10s., Mr. Fryer (Royal Toxophilite Society), 55; score at 60 yards, £4 10s., Mr. P. J. Pinckney (South Wilts Archers), 41, 211; hits at 60 yards, £4 10s., Mr. Butt (Royal Toxophilite Society), 40; greatest number of golds, 100 yards, £4, Mr. Newall (Royal Toxophilite Society) 7; greatest number of golds, 80 yards, £4, Dr. Paley (Royal Toxophilite Society) 7; greatest number of golds, 60 yards, £4, Mrs. Yates Foot (Royal Toxophilite Society), 5; best gold, 100 yards, £4, Lieut.-Col. Ainsworth (North Lonsdale Archers); best gold, 80 yards, £4, Mr. Elliott (Grand National Archery Society); best gold, 60 yards, £4, Lieut.-Colonel Wethered (Royal Toxophilite Society); greatest number of golds (local), £3, Mr. Radclyffe Walters (Royal Toxophilite Society), 8, tie with Mr. H. R. Tolly; best gold (local), £3, Mr. L. Rosher (Royal Toxophilite Society); the champion's gold medal, Mr. Palaiet, 6 points, Mr. Leigh Clare having two points for hits at 80 yards, and Mr. Rimington 2 points for hits and score at 60 yards.

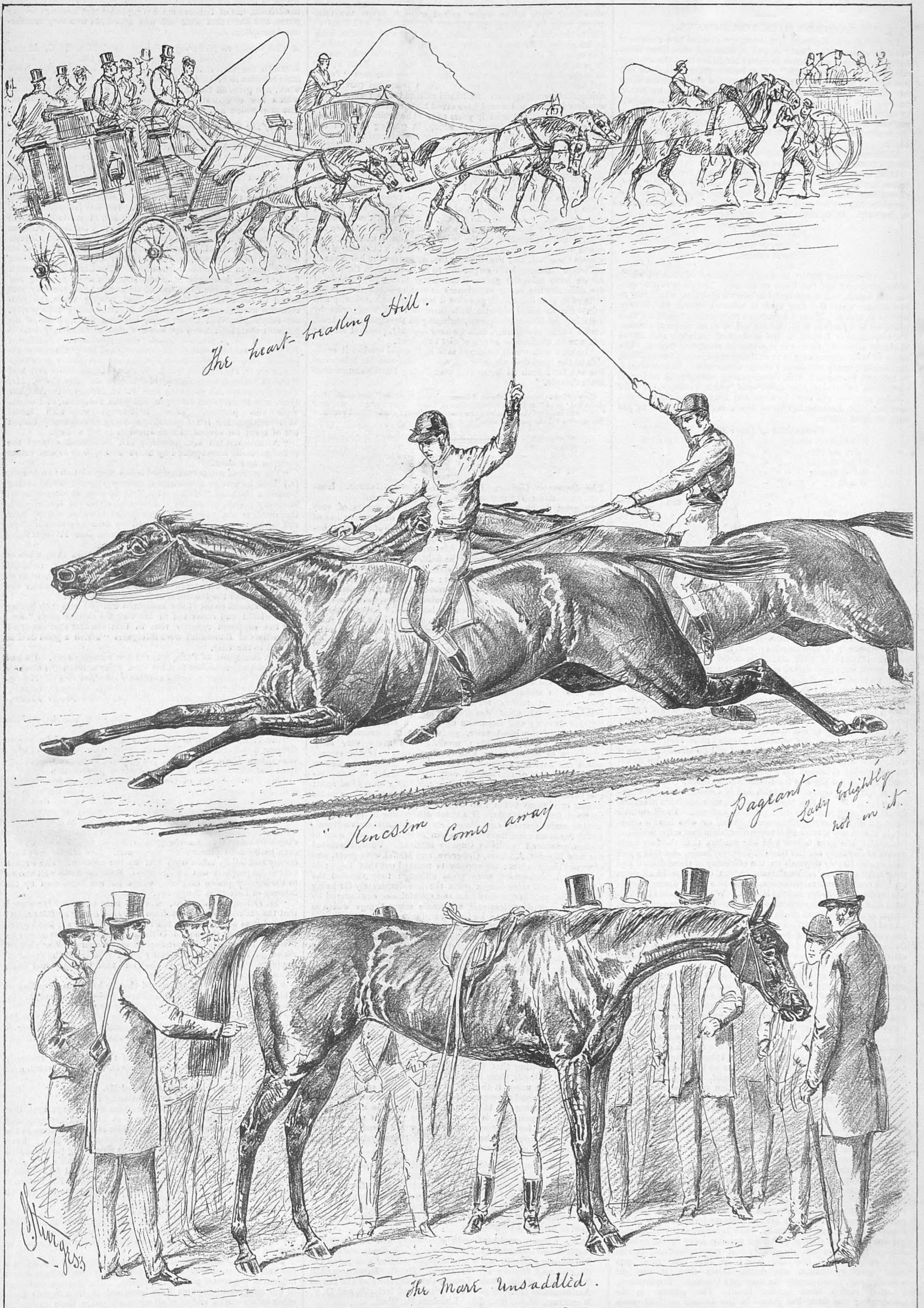
WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

ASHDOWN & PARRY, Hanover-square, W.—"Stephen Heller: His Life and Works (from the French of H. Barbedette), by Robert Brown Borthwick, Vicar of All Saints, Scarborough."—This interesting work, which has already reached a second edition, will be heartily welcomed by musicians and amateurs. Thanks to the good offices of Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé, the compositions of Stephen Heller have become widely popular in this country, and there is scarcely any amateur pianiste with pretensions to refined taste who does not possess a copious selection from the Heller repertory. It has been remarked by Fétis that, "while the public is often unjust to an unknown name, however great the signs of genius, it is always glad to welcome that of one who has triumphed over difficulties;" and now that the name of Stephen Heller is revered wherever art is rightly comprehended, this book—in which his early struggles, as well as his ultimate successes, are chronicled—will be read with genuine interest. M. Barbedette is not merely a biographer but a critic, and his remarks on the characteristics of Heller's style, and on the special qualities of a large number of his chief works, will prove instructive as well as interesting. The history of Stephen Heller's life resembles those of many other composers. Born at Pesth, in Hungary, on the 15th of May, 1815, he showed at an early age so remarkable a musical organisation that his friends, who had destined him for other pursuits, acceded to his entreaties and allowed him to adopt music as his profession. At nine years of age he played with his master, Franz Brauer, in a concert at the Pesth Theatre, a concerto by Dussek for two pianofortes. He subsequently removed to Vienna and became pupil of Beethoven's friend, Antoine Halm. At the age of thirteen he was taken on a tour through Hungary, Poland, and North Germany, and was regarded as a prodigy, especially in reference to his wonderful powers of improvisation. This kind of life, lasting for four years, had an unhealthy influence on the boy's art culture, and when he was nearly seventeen he "began for the first time to realise that his musical education was not begun, but that he was merely a pianist with a brilliant touch, knowing nothing of art but what are called *concert pieces*." A few lessons in harmony, which he had received at Pesth from the aged organist, Cibalka, constituted his entire stock of musical science." By good fortune he made the acquaintance of Count Fugger, a wealthy and highly-cultivated amateur, who made him acquainted with the musical riches bequeathed by Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Later on he became enamoured of Mendelssohn and Chopin, and was the first to play the works of Chopin at Augsburg. He tried composition, and was so fortunate, when in his twenty-first year, as to interest Robert Schumann in his efforts. A correspondence, which lasted until the death of Schumann, commenced at this date (1836) and Schumann's advice and criticism were of invaluable benefit to the young aspirant. When his patron, Count Fugger died (1838), Heller proceeded to Paris—on the recommendation of Schumann—to study with Kalkbrenner, with whom he had been permitted to play a pianoforte duet at an Augsburg concert. He was unable to continue taking lessons of Kalkbrenner, whose terms were preposterous, and he found himself alone in Paris "with but a modest sum in his pocket, and destitute of other resources." For forty years since then he has made Paris his home, and during the latter half of that period he has occupied a prominent place among the musical benefactors of mankind. The story of his life is told with unaffected simplicity by M. Barbadette, and is not only interesting but instructive.

The criticisms by M. Barbadette will appear to many readers to be the most valuable portion of the work. Musicians and amateurs will find in them a treasury of valuable comments, and will enjoy the performance of Stephen Heller's charming musical poems with new zest after perusing the sympathetic and masterly analysis contained in this delightful work. The translation has been well executed, and the publishers have spared no pains in bringing out the handsome little volume which, with its admirable photographic portrait of Stephen Heller, and lithographic facsimile of one of his "Préludes à Lili," will be a desirable addition to every library.



A SKETCH FROM THE LAWN AT GOODWOOD.



## VETERINARIAN.

## SKIMMED MILK FOR HORSES.

IN our Circular Notes of last week, we alluded to a statement of an American paper, that "A pail of skimmed milk three times a-day will keep a work horse in better condition than the average ration of four quarts of oats." Now before going further we will just remark on the almost universal custom of exaggeration when any discovery, invention, or novelty is first held up to public notice. We do not propose to-day, in discussing this subject, to contrast the feeding properties of skimmed milk and oats; we purpose rather to endeavour to show that skimmed milk is one of the most valuable diets for the horse and his rider, equally, that exists.

Skimmed milk has three positive and distinct properties: as a food, a preserver of health, and as a medicine.

Milk, as every one knows, in its entire state—that is before the cream has been removed—is capable, *unaided by any other food*, of not only maintaining life but, like eggs, it contains all the elements that are required for growth as well as for maintenance of the body. In its entire state it contains:—

Nitrogenous matter.  
Fatty matter.  
Lactine, or milk sugar.  
Mineral matter.  
Water.

The *nitrogenous matter* is chiefly composed of *caseine*, which constitutes curd and the basis of cheese. The *fatty matter* constitutes butter, and is contained in minute globules, which rise to the surface when the new milk is allowed to rest, and is then known as *cream*. These fat globules constituting cream are each made up of a particle of fat surrounded by an envelope of caseine. This envelope is broken in the process of churning, and allows the little masses of fat to run together to constitute *butter*. The sugar of milk is less sweet than ordinary sugar, readily crystallises, and forms when quite alone a stable compound. If, however, it is brought in contact with decomposing nitrogenous matter, it undergoes conversion into *lactic acid*, which accounts for milk turning sour when allowed to stand too long, especially in warm weather. Dr. Letheby has found cow's milk to contain 14 per cent. of solid matter.

## Composition of Cow's Milk.

Nitrogenous matter	-	-	-	-	4.1
Fatty matter	-	-	-	-	3.9
Sugar of milk	-	-	-	-	5.2
Saline matter	-	-	-	-	0.8
Water	-	-	-	-	86.0

100

We now give the

## Composition of Skimmed Milk.

Nitrogenous matter	-	-	-	-	4.0
Fatty matter	-	-	-	-	1.8
Sugar of milk	-	-	-	-	5.4
Saline matter	-	-	-	-	0.8
Water	-	-	-	-	88.0

100

Before commenting upon the contrast, we will carry our readers back a few weeks, and remind them that we described the animal machine as composed of two distinct sets of tissues—master tissues and servant tissues. The former, we remarked, were three.—1, The bones; 2, the muscles; and 3, the nerves. We then remarked that these were mainly involved during work. If we now point out that these, especially the muscles, are largely built up and kept going by nitrogenous matter, we shall see by comparing the two tables that skimmed milk is equal to entire milk in carrying a hunter across country. The horse-proud carter, however, who delights in a fat sleek horse will rightly prefer the entire or new milk. We are not personally acquainted with the capacity of our Cousin Jonathan's pail, but if it is the size of one of our ordinary stable pails then we have no doubt that the daily quantity named will do all that he says it will. We have not tried the experiment, but we have no doubt whatever that skimmed milk alone, and unaided by any other food, will keep a horse in hard-working condition.

But it is as a preserver of health and as a medicine that we prefer to regard it. In this capacity we can, with hundreds of others, speak of it with precision from actual experience. To all animals having a highly developed nervous system, or who have a circulation constantly loaded with impurities, skimmed milk is simply priceless. We have before told our readers that the four main drains of the body are the bowels, kidneys, lungs, and skin; and that health largely depends on the efficiency of these drains, and their freedom from accumulations, which otherwise block them up and render them semi-useless. The two main drains are undoubtedly the kidneys and the bowels. We have named the kidneys first, because impairment of their functions brings on dropsy, coma, convulsions, and death in possibly less time than impaired bowel functions do. Of all articles, whether of diet or medicine, skimmed milk has long been known to surpass every other in flushing out and keeping in good going order the kidneys, especially if mixed with rain-water or with Seltzer-water, the gas being previously stirred out of it.

We all know how indispensable to health keeping the bowels open is. Let us see what keeping the kidneys free, open, and in good going order means. First, let us see *what* it is that chokes the kidneys. In order to do this we must take a rough view of the anatomy of the kidneys. As everybody knows, there are two of them in the body, and that they drain off from the blood its watery ingredients; some of its salts, and any soluble poison that may happen to be in it. Each is made up of a congregation of very long but exceedingly narrow tubes. These tubes are coiled up on themselves throughout some of their length, but the remainder of their length is quite straight. Every tube is lined with a kind of caueway the flags of which are collectively called *epithelium*. This epithelium is constantly being shed, and new "flags" of epithelium springing from the surface of the inside of the tube take the place of the old, the old epithelium being washed down the tube by the urine and carried into the bladder. Please to notice that we say this process of epithelium shedding is going actively on every moment of our lives, but most actively of course immediately after we have taken liquids. It is this epithelium, which, in lining the long fine tubes almost fills them, which is so apt not to get washed down the tube, but to remain in the tube and block it up. Of course, if all the tubes in both kidneys get blocked up, the liquid taken cannot pass off in the usual natural manner, but escapes from the blood-vessels into the general tissues, and—water always finds its level—dropsy of the lowest parts, the legs, etc., results. Now, there are many things that get into the blood stream which in passing away by the kidneys strip off this epithelium so quickly that new epithelium has no time to form and line the tube; so that the tube gets filled with epithelium and debris faster than it can get washed away, consequently the tube gets blocked. For instance, a child suffers from scarlet fever. The poison in the blood after the fever has gone—in the second or third week perhaps—makes its escape from the body by the skin (stripping off the epithelium or scarf skin) or by the ears, or by the kidneys

(stripping the epithelium in the way we have named) and brings on dropsy. Skimmed milk to the child at this stage, *given in abundance* with seltzer-water mixed with it, keeps the fatal dropsy away by keeping the kidneys well cleared, and is salvation to the child. The gouty man, after repeated attacks, finds as he grows older he is longer in "getting it out of his boots." The cause of this is that the poison of gout (urate of soda) makes its escape from the body largely *via* the kidneys. Each attack damages them a little; one tube after another becomes "deaf" and worthless till, as age advances, only a fractional part of his kidneys is in working order. Skimmed milk and seltzer water works wonders for him, and would have saved him his kidneys altogether had he known it and used it years ago. The brain-worker loads his circulation with phosphates which, in passing through the kidneys, strips off their epithelium and wounds them. As a pure circulation alone can yield good sound thought, skimmed milk to him is valuable.

When we come to the consideration of the two most nervous and excitable animals under the sun—the dog and the horse—there is no wonder that we find kidney diseases in them so frequent as to be almost universal. Everybody knows who keeps a horse the frequent complaints of the groom, "The 'orse doesn't stale well, sir." Anyone who watches a horse whilst micturating will frequently hear him groan while doing so, and will see the whitish thick character of the urine. Skimmed milk, pure or mixed with good rain-water, passes glibly through the kidneys and washes them out, and the bladder too, and saves the horse much suffering. Staling balls ought not to be tolerated in the stable. As we have said, the groom is constantly having to complain of the difficulty the horse experiences in staling—that there is too little of it, that it is thick, and that it is voided with difficulty and pain—but so-called diuretic balls increase the flow of urine by irritating the kidneys frequently bringing on stranguary and death itself; whilst in skimmed milk we have a speedy, pleasant diuretic and a most wholesome article of diet combined.

The ease with which skimmed milk is digested renders it available to the most delicate stomach, and on that account it is priceless as a food both to horse and man during convalescence after acute disease.

*Correction.*—In our article on "Summering of Hunters," last week, after the word "sets," at the commencement of line 16 in paragraph 3, the word "in" was inserted by mistake; the sentence should read—"and continue the mashes till the purging sets."

## REVIEWS.

*The Dramatic Unities.* By EDWIN SIMPSON-BAIKIE. London: Trübner and Co. (Second Edition.)

THE great battle of the Unities in which the critics of succeeding generations have fought so long and desperately has of late grown curiously quiet in a truce which the *Athenaeum* believes to be a victory. Mr. Simpson-Baikie, being not quite sure that the *Athenaeum* is right, has armed himself for the fray, and, seeking foes, again entered the field, being perfectly certain "that the Unities are not only useless, but absolutely prejudicial and detrimental to the dramatic art; and that consequently the writer for the stage ought to be bound by no other rules than the ordinary ones of good taste, probability, and common sense." This is very easily said, and often has been said. Every dramatic author professes, as a matter of course, to be guided by the rules of good taste, probability, and common sense. But what is the result? Not only are the ancient Unities of action, time, and place utterly ignored, but, with some few exceptions, the elements of true art in the composition of our modern dramas are conspicuous only by their absence. It is, we grant, difficult to see a safe and certain way out of the rude and lawless state in which, artistically speaking, the drama of to-day exists, without having recourse to the Unities. Shakspeare managed; to be great despite them; but giants walk where pigmies drown; and from the days of Shakspeare downward the result of the good taste, probability, and common sense theory has so far not been productive of many very lofty standards of dramatic or artistic excellence. If the system which the ancients adopted to escape from dramatic barbarism has in the hands of mechanical copyists, and feeble or lazy playwrights, degenerated into something altogether devoid of spirit and natural life, the modern system, or want of system, has under similar conditions fallen into depths of degradation and weakness not less lamentable. If a strict observance of the ancient system under certain conditions became stupidly conventional, under the same conditions the modern system, or rather want of system, produced results as stupidly artificial. Voltaire pointed out how Molière, Addison, Congreve, and Maffei were great, and observed the Unities; his opponents pointed out that Lopez de Vega and Shakspeare were great although they violated the Unities. Both sides fought none the less desperately for being both right, and in the fiery heat and spitefulness engendered by the fray, they doubtless said and wrote many things which in their hearts they knew to be foolish and untrue.

The fury of that great battle of opinions has now passed away, and a careful and impartial review of all that was gained and lost by it may be extremely useful to those who are dissatisfied with the drama as it is, and would fain see it take a much higher and nobler standing in the estimation of all true judges of art. To them we commend Mr. E. Simpson-Baikie's well-written little volume, regretting that we have not at present either time or space to discuss it with the fullness which it fairly deserves.

*Automatic Arithmetic: A New System for Multiplication and Division without Mental Labour, and without the use of Logarithms.* By JOHN SAWYER, Public Accountant, Fellow of the Institute of Accountants. London: George Bell and Sons.

BEYOND admitting that the promise of its title is fairly and completely realised, there is little to be said about the work now before us. In using it there is no arithmetical calculation required, and, beyond a mere mechanical arrangement and inspection of the slips forming the tables, no labour. By the aid of these tables the longest sum is done with the greatest rapidity and certainty in a few glances. It is by far the most ingenious, simple, and complete of the various similar "new systems" which have from time to time been introduced.

*Tales from Blackwood (No. IV.).* Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons.

THIS little monthly volume of good fiction is a worthy addition to its predecessors, and contains—"Grace Owen's Engagement," by R. E. Francillon; "The Raid of Arnaboll," by the late Professor Aytoun; and a new song, by the late Lord Neaves, called "How to make a Pedigree."

*Milton's Comus, annotated with a Glossary and Notes, grammatical and explanatory, for the use of Students, with three Introductory Essays upon the Masque proper, and upon the Origin and History of the Poem.* By B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING, of the Inner Temple (late secretary of the Royal Architectural Institute of Great Britain and Ireland), and D. F. RANKING, M.A., &c., &c. London: H. West.

ONE needs breath after reading this almost Elizabethan title-page of a work which, although comprehensive enough, is a very

little book. What it lacks in size, however, it more than makes up for in value, being a most useful and carefully-written students' hand-book, full of information having important bearings on the poem, and illustrated with facts and anecdotes of a very interesting description.

*A Companion to Killarney.* By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. HALL. London: Marcus Ward and Co.

BEYOND the fact that this is a good and reliable guide-book little remains to be said. It has the ordinary features of such a work, and gives all the information such works usually contain with a few comparatively unimportant personal reminiscences. The map which accompanies it is an excellent one.

*Trial of the Greatest Dramatic Author of the Time.* Melbourne: Stillwell and Co.

THIS pamphlet is reprinted from the *New York Dramatic News* after reappearing in the *Melbourne Argus*. It is a mock trial, in which Mr. Dion Boucicault appears to answer charges brought against him by "the People." The author, describing the scene in court, says:—

"Among the spectators were Mr. Lester Wallack, who sat close by the counsel for the accused. He was jauntily dressed, and passed his time in conversation with Mr. H. J. Montague and Miss Rose Coghlan, who looked charming in a pelisse of Russian sable, and who chatted merrily with her brother, Mr. Charles Coghlan. Mr. A. M. Palmer, Henry French, and J. Hart sat on the right of the bench, and Len Grover kept nearer the door which leads to the refreshment-room. Miss Clara Morris and a flabby-looking personage, who was stated by some as being her husband, were in the front row of spectators, and the lady was called to order several times for loud talking while the proceedings were going on. Miss Sara Jewett, looking quite pretty, sat beside Mr. Will Stuart, who, between the intervals of his pleasant chat, took notes for some of that extraordinary out-of-town stuff he is pleased to call correspondence. Katherine Rogers sat next the seat of the prisoner, and her countenance expressed deep anguish. Rose Eytinge and her pretty grown-up daughter, D. H. Harkins, Fred, Warde, Messrs. Rockwell and Rignold, Miss Jeffreys Lewis, blooming as an early peach, Mr. Tony Pastor and his charming wife, R. M. Hooley, Mr. Antonio Hart, and Mr. Edward Harrigan, and Soda Tompkins, of Boston, were also present. John McCullough sat with Henri Wertheimer, the latter gentleman being subsequently turned out of court for several audible attempts to tell a story.

"At half-past ten a.m. precisely Mr. Boucicault entered the court, naturally accompanied by Steve Fiske, who looked rather battered and worn.

"The accused was there charged in the complaint on two counts. (1.) That he was an international literary vagrant, falsely calling himself a dramatic author. (2.) That he had, at divers times, in sundry places, unlawfully and without either the fear of God, the devil, or the newspaper press before his eyes, appropriated and falsely and covertly converted to his own use certain plays, spectacles, and dramas, the property of John Doe, Richard Roe, and others."

In the course of the trial "it was clearly shown that, when in England, Boucicault would, with great scurrility and in indecent terms, denounce the press and people of America; and, when in America, would, with equal violence and indecency, slander the newspapers and the theatrical audiences of England.

"The second count of the complaint charged him with having appropriated and converted to his own use certain plays," &c., and the supposed reporter tells us that the fact that nearly all the victims of Boucicault were foreigners "added a good deal of interest to the case."

"Mr. Bourgeois, of Paris, was the first witness sworn. He had been spoliated, unknown to him, of a piece entitled *Un Coup de Canif*. Was shown a drama entitled *Forbidden Fruit*. Recognised it immediately as his property, although almost inextricably mixed up with fragments of another piece—*Le Procès Veauradieux*.

"M. E. Brisbarre, partner of Mr. Bourgeois, corroborated the above testimony.

"Mr. Henri Murger, of Paris, was the proprietor of *La Vie de Bohème*, a melodrama. Had been surreptitiously deprived of it. Was shown *Mimi*, claimed by the accused, Boucicault. Recognised it at once. Was in a perfect state of preservation.

"Mr. Gerald Griffin, of Dublin, Ireland, being sworn, deposed that *The Collegians* was his property. It had been found in the possession of Boucicault, with its proper name painted over with that of *Colleen Bawn*. Boucicault had taken it without his (Mr. Griffin's) knowledge, and boldly claimed the authorship.

"Mr. Octave Feuillet, of Paris, gave his testimony with the extremest reluctance, on the ground that it would disgrace him even to be seen prosecuting Boucicault. *Led Astray* had been openly and boldly taken from him by the prisoner. The French title of his property was *La Tentation*. Boucicault was well known to the literary police of Paris, where he was registered by the Society of Letters as dangerous.

"M. D'Ennery, of Paris, was the next witness. He stated that the accused plagiarised from him *Don César de Bazan*, and claimed it as his own (Boucicault's) property. The act was aggravated by the fact that he (M. D'Ennery) had once endeavoured to befriend the accused by producing his property, *The Colleen Bawn*, in Paris. Had universally given Boucicault the credit of the piece. Did not know at the time that the play had been taken previously from Mr. Griffin.

"M. Casimir Delavigne testified that he had been despoiled of a play, entitled *Louis XI*. It had been found, untouched, in the plagiarist's possession. Recognised it at once.

"M. Frederick Soulié swore that the *Willow Copse* was his absolute property. Its French designation was *La Closerie de Gentes*. It had been taken from him surreptitiously, and without his knowledge or consent.

"The sameness and universality of this testimony evidently became monotonous, and the judge asked Mr. Howe whether he had any more witnesses to examine.

"'Eighty-three,' promptly answered Mr. Howe.

"'What is the nature of their testimony?'

"'We propose to prove, in the same line of argument, that all the plays claimed by the accused as his own property, and passed off upon managers and the public as his own, have in the same manner been surreptitiously appropriated by him. Even to-day a play called *The Dead Secret* is now being performed in New York, which has been advertised as Boucicault's new play, no situation or incident of which cannot be found in a French play called *Le Pendu*. We propose to show that *The Octaroon* is *Cora ou l'Esclavage*, that *Pauvrete* is the property of a French author, that *How She Loves Him*—"

"Here the judge cried, 'Enough!'

"After the defence and a brief summing up by the District Attorney, Mr. O'Kelly delivered an earnest address on behalf of the accused, and then the jury without hesitation found the accused 'guilty.'

This is an amusing sketch, but the poorness of the defence put into the mouth of Mr. O'Kelly betrays the animus which influences the writer and the reprinters. The greatest and best of our imaginative authors have borrowed their materials from other men's works, and after all we must judge them rather by the use they have made of such materials than by the mere fact of their borrowing.

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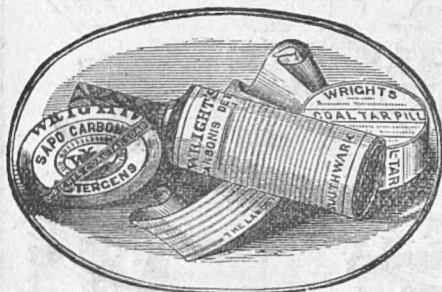
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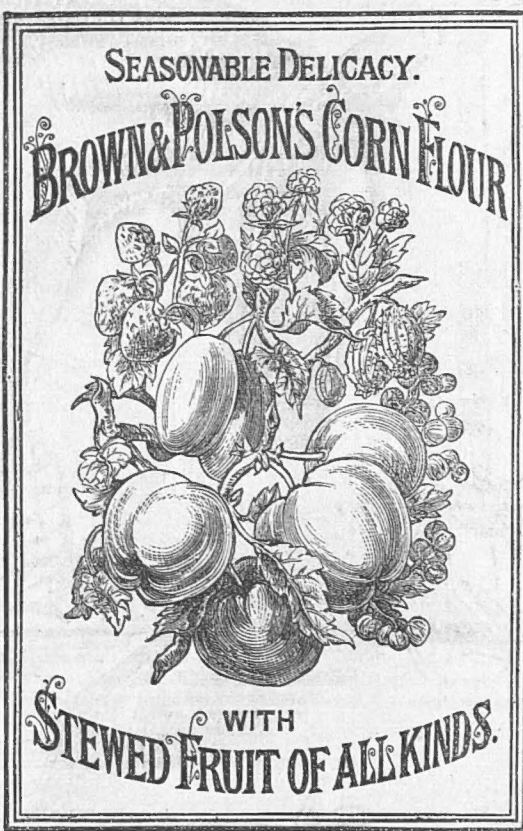
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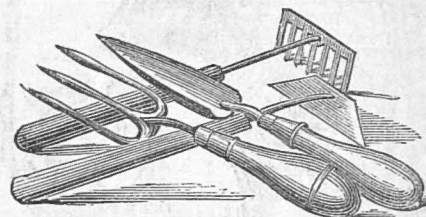
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